

Totem Poll

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28725630) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28725630>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs & Sapnap
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs , Alexis Quackity , Wilbur Soot , Niki Nihachu , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Darryl Noveschosch , Sam Awesamdude (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - High School , Alternate Universe , editor in chief george , star football player clay , Real names are used , newspaper , Slow Burn , karlnap , Mutual Pining , Falling In Love , Reputations , Crushes , Dates , typical football games , cute moments , Pining , Teasing , dreamnotfound , Fluff and Angst , Strangers to Lovers , Kissing , Light-Hearted , a lot of banter , other people are mentioned as well , everyone are seniors except for tommy and tubbo! , And Niki , no beta i like to live on the edge , there will be one chapter of smut but thats it
Language:	English
Collections:	finished banger tweets
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-13 Completed: 2021-03-04 Chapters: 16/16 Words: 42865

Totem Poll

by [saddnap](#)

Summary

Clay has a reputation, classic football player, girls and guys fawning over the ground he walks on. He walks around like he owns the place, and he does. He is involved in everything, already having a full ride to his dream school. Everyone knows his name, and it shows. George is quite the opposite, well kind of. People know who he is, but no one really cares about him, they just know his name. He's the Editor in Chief of the Oakwood Gazette, his pride and joy. He is proud of his work and it shows. One day, George is assigned a story on Clay, a story featuring his accomplishments. Two people on different ends of the totem pole have to work together to create this story. While George doesn't like Clay, and Clay has a sudden infatuation with him.

Notes

this is a new little story, and i'm so excited about it! i have it all planned out so the writing

process should be smooth. if anyone is reading this, yay. i'm mainly just writing it for myself to have fun and practice a bit. i'm going to challenge myself to make the chapters long and descriptive, so it might take me a while to get used to it. this is mainly focused on a high school newspaper staff, i've never been in one, but i've seen shows with them and i have friends involved. so i'm going to just go along with everything. but i hope everyone likes it! also, real names are used because i prefer it that wayyyy, except for Bad.

another quick note, if any of the cc's involved ever say they are uncomfortable with this or anything in this nature being written, i will happily take it down. this is all just for fun, i'm only posting it to keep it all together.

"Good Catch, Sherlock"

At this point, he wasn't even paying attention to what he was saying. It was second nature now, as this is his second year to be in charge. In high school, no one really talked about the newspaper for the school. It was all about the yearbook, which is understandable. But George got very lucky with his school since they were super supportive of the newspaper and looked forward to their issues. It made his job a lot easier, to say the least. He never really talked too much to his staff, but today was the beginning of a new schedule and he needed to get the important stuff out of the way first. His eyes glazed over his staff, his editors, and his advisor in admiration. This was his safe place, and he always worked hard to make it a safe place for all of his friends.

Outside of this classroom, for the most part, he never spoke unless spoken to. He was soft-spoken and always kept to himself, but much to his dismay, everyone knew who he was. No one made an effort to talk to him, but they knew his name. Only because of his leadership title at his school. He stuck with his small little group of friends and he was completely okay with it.

"Okay, now that we have that big spiel out of the way, let's get these stories assigned so we can start working," George said sitting at the front of the classroom. "Remember that these have to be solid ideas." He got up and started walking around the classroom as his staff brainstormed.

"Once you get an idea, go ahead and call it out. And be sure to log it in the folder please." George looked over at his friends in the middle of the room, seeing them joke around with each other, the two of them already having their stories down.

Karl and Alex, his best friends. The three of them have been friends since they were freshman, now they were all editors for the Oakwood Gazette. Meaning they spend almost all of their time together, they haven't gotten tired of each other yet, and George doubted it would ever actually happen.

One hand shot up, instantly catching George's attention. Niki, one of his juniors. She was quiet, but in class, she was very outgoing, he liked seeing that side of her. And she was also very talented, he felt like a proud dad when it came to his staff members. "Niki, go ahead."

"The art program is painting a mural for the church this weekend, I'm designing it. I could get some interviews while I'm there," She said brightly.

George grinned, "Good idea, go ahead and take it." Niki beamed and wrote it down in their shared folder for the editors to keep track of everyone's stories. "Anyone else?" George asked looking around the classroom.

His eyes fell on Bad, his advisor. He was a teacher, but he mainly just sat there and supported everyone during their newspaper period. Letting the editors run the class instead, giving his input when it was needed.

"What about you Tubbo?" George asked, looking at one of the younger boys on the staff. He grinned back at George, making his heart melt. George knew that Tubbo wanted to be Editor in Chief whenever George graduated, so he was trying to show how he can be a leader, trying to show his confidence.

"What about a story on the chess club making it to state in their competition this past weekend? Or even a piece on how to branch out in school and join clubs, so we can shine a light on the lesser-known groups." George was impressed with Tubbo, but he always was.

George nodded and looked at Tommy who was sitting next to Tubbo. “How about Tubbo writes the piece on the chess club and Tommy can take the branching out article?” He reasoned. Both boys grinned and nodded.

“What about you two?” George raised his eyebrow at his two best friends who stopped talking to look at him.

“Well, I chose to write about managing stress and anxiety during the school year,” Karl said and looked over at Alex who has a devilish grin. “Bossman, I’m going to write a piece on making friends outside of school, and how to put yourself out there.”

George raised an eyebrow once again, feeling laughter bubble up in his chest. “You wouldn’t know anything about that though.”

Alex’s mouth fell, “Hey shut the fuck up, you giant nerd.”

“Boys, language,” Bad said from his desk, his feet propped up and listening intently to the conversation.

Alex looked over at Bad and opened his mouth to say something but Karl quickly covered it. “You’re such a nimrod, Alex. Just focus on your story and stop trying to get us in trouble,” Karl said giggling. The entire class laughed at Alex’s glare before continuing to pick ideas.

This is how it always was, Alex trying to annoy everyone and Karl trying to stop him from doing so. But it made the class fun, and everyone fed off of their energy, including George. He went through everyone else quickly, excited that they were all in a good mood. Wilbur, another senior, was going to write about music and how to find something you enjoy. Ant was going to write about the track team and their recent wins at competition. Velvet decided on a short story that gave him a lot of creative freedom. George went through everything once more, giving them their new deadlines and any information that they needed. Once he was finished, he went to sit down with his best friends, looking at their grins expectantly.

“Why are you two looking at me like that?” George asked opening his computer to start his own work.

“Because you don’t have a story this week,” Alex said as if it were obvious. George rolled his eyes, “Good catch, Sherlock.”

“I have other things to be working on this week, I don’t have time to write a story,” George mumbled, pulling up all of his documents quickly.

“You always have an excuse,” Alex quipped.

Karl giggled, “I can’t with you two, why can’t we just be peaceful for once?” George and Alex gasped, quickly placing blame on each other.

“You know Alex does this all of the time!”

“It’s so easy to make fun of him though!”

“You two are literally children,” Karl grumbled mainly to himself. “But seriously, Georgie you don’t have a piece this week,” Alex said. George brushed it off, not really wanting to write anything this week.

“Hey, boys,” All three boys looked up, seeing Bad trying to get their attention. “I have a story idea

for the next writing period.”

“Go ahead Bad,” Karl said looking over at his friends briefly.

Bad nodded, “Do you guys know who Clay is? I think he’s a senior.” The three boys nodded, George, narrowing his eyes at the older man.

It wasn’t that he didn’t like Clay, he just thought he wasn’t the best person in the world. Literally, everyone was in love with him or thought he was the best person to ever walk the earth. He’s involved in everything and everyone knows his name. George and Clay have never spoken in person before, and George doesn’t plan on changing that anytime soon. There are people at his school that get enough attention, and Clay is one of those people.

“Yeah, he’s the quarterback for the football team,” Alex said. Bad nodded, “I think we should write a story featuring him and his accomplishments throughout his high school career.”

Karl nodded quickly, “I think that’s a great idea, plus it will get us more reads since everyone will want to read about Clay.” Bad grinned widely, nodding. “Exactly!”

“I do want someone to write that next week, it’s a really good idea,” Bad said. “I’m surprised we haven’t done it sooner.”

“You know what? We might be able to write it this week,” Alex said, a knowing grin enveloping his face. George felt his stomach drop, he instantly knew where he was going with this.

He glared at Alex, “I think we should wait until next-”

“George doesn’t have a story! He can definitely write it, ya know since he wants to put the paper’s best interest first.” Alex interrupted him, giving his best friend a wide smile. George quickly started shaking his head, “I don’t think that’s a good-”

“It’s perfect George! You’re very talented and I know you will do well with the story! Good catch Alex.” George groaned and watched as Bad went back to whatever he was doing before. Karl laughed and logged the story for George.

“You are so annoying. Did you know that?” George asked Alex. Alex and Karl let out loud laughs at George’s discomfort.

“Why on earth would you do that? You know I don’t like him.” George asked Alex accusingly.

Alex shrugged, “I saw an opportunity and I took it, you’ve never even spoken to him.”

"This is going to be good for the paper, George. That needs to be your first priority, not your opinion of him. You need to make sure you aren't biased," Karl said softly, sensing George’s anxiety.

Karl gave George another reassuring smile. “You’re going to be just fine George, if anything this will help get you out of that little writing rut you’re in.” George sighed.

Karl was always a calming voice in the boy's mind. Always making sure that his best friends were okay, and helping them when they weren’t. He was really thankful for Karl, and sometimes Alex.

“The story is great. But you should get with him as quickly as you can so you can get the interviews over with. After the interviews, you don’t have to interact with him again,” Karl said trying to ease George’s mind.

Alex nodded, “Him and his friends are always hanging outside their lockers after school. You could just walk up to him and schedule a time.”

George never had a problem with confronting someone before now. The simple thought of going up to Clay in front of his friends was nerve-racking, something he hasn’t experienced before. This was annoying.

“Start working on your interview questions, slowpoke.” George simply glared at his best friends before doing as he was told. George was determined to get this all over with and the two can go back to their own lives.

"I promise I don't like the attention"

Chapter Summary

George works up the courage to ask Clay for an interview, and Clay talks with his friends

Chapter Notes

here's another chapter! this story won't be very long, but i still really enjoy working on it. hope you enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George held his books close to his chest, staring down the hallway as his friends stood behind him.

“You can do it, just go up to him and start a conversation.” Karl’s voice sounded like it was far away, which worried George.

He turned slightly, realizing that it was just him, his friend was close. Clay was standing with his two best friends, just like they said he would be. Every day after their last class, they stand around Clay’s locker, either discussing their plans for the day or just catching up before practice. They weren’t too far away from George, but far enough where he couldn’t hear their conversation. It was Clay, Nick, and Sam. Three peas in a pod, apparently Clay and Nick have been friends since they were in diapers, and they met Sam when he moved here eight years ago. And it’s been the three of them ever since then. Now, George wasn’t blind. Clay was definitely attractive, almost too attractive. He had everything going for him, his soft dirty blonde hair, his wide shoulders, perfect smile, freckles, what is he talking about? Clay was a god. But his cocky attitude balanced it all out. George looked back at Karl and Alex, seeing Karl’s eyes linger on the group for a couple of seconds before focusing on his friends. George raised an eyebrow, which only received red cheeks in return. George chose not to comment on that, instead of leaving it for a different time when they were alone.

“Can we get this show on the road? I’m ready to home and sleep,” Alex’s voice knocks George out of his thoughts.

George clears his throat before nodding. “Yeah, okay,” he takes a deep breath before starting to walk up to the group of boys.

He can see the longing looks the girls give Clay as they walk by, but Clay doesn’t pay attention. His eyes are on Nick as he rambles about something. Despite George’s hatred for Clay, he knows his friends are the most important thing to him. And George can tell just by the look Clay is giving Nick.

He stops in front of the three of them, catching their attention. George feels heat starting to spread up his neck as he speaks.

He looks at Clay and gives him a small smile, "Can I talk to you about something really quick? I promise it won't take that long."

Something dances behind Clay's eyes as they search George's face, probably looking for weakness in the shorter boy. There is a second of silence before Clay nods, looking over at his friends.

"I'll meet you guys on the field?" Sam and Nick nodded and patted Clay on the back before walking toward the exit of the school.

George looked up at Clay, taking note of their size difference, their height difference. He cleared his throat, "You probably don't know who I am--"

"Of course I know who you are, George." Clay sounded genuinely offended at George's assumption making George scoff. Clay raised an eyebrow, "Why the noise? You are well known around here, Mr Editor in Chief."

"Listen, I was assigned a story on you, about your accomplishments and whatnot. I was wondering if we could schedule a time so I can get an interview," George took a deep breath. "And maybe some interviews with your friends."

Clay had a lopsided grin on his face, a teasing grin. "I'm getting the feeling that you don't really want to write this story on me?" Clay said, his tone shifting up, making it seem like a question. George took it as one and answered quickly, "You would be right, but I don't really have a choice here."

"You could always say no, that you don't want a story written about you, and we could go our separate ways?" George offered, shrugging. Clay grinned widely and shook his head, "Nah, I think I want a story written about me. But the question is why don't you want to write it?"

"I just think you get enough spotlight as it is. I know what kind of person you are, you don't need another ego boost." It was Clay's turn to scoff at George's answer.

He looked down at the brunette, that same glint dancing in his eyes. "And what kind of person do you think I am?" He asked lowly.

George glared up at him, their eyes finally meeting. "I think you love all of the attention you get, it fuels your ego more than you realize. The power you hold gets to your head and it shows in your attitude."

George continues, "Now, I really don't want to write this story, but unfortunately I have to. So if we could find a time, that would be great." He quickly pulled a pen and paper out of his bag, writing his number down on it. He looked back up at Clay who had an expression he couldn't read written on his face. "You can text me and we can figure out a time."

George starts walking away and he hears Clay clear his throat and call his name. George turns but continues to walk backward. Clay smirks, "I plan on changing your opinion of me, soon."

George chuckles, "I highly doubt that." George gave Clay one more sarcastic smile before continuing to walk down the hallway where his friends were waiting. They both had wide eyes and watched as George's false confidence dropped, like a wall collapsing.

Alex looked impressed and Karl looked concerned.

"You okay dude?" Karl asked gently, placing a hand on George's shoulder.

George nodded quickly, “Just eager to get this thing over with.”

Karl nodded and the three of them walked out to George’s car. Karl and Alex both had their licenses, they just chose not to drive. Not when George was willing to drive them everywhere. Alex got in the backseat while Karl got in the passenger seat. He turned the car on and was about to start pulling out of the parking lot when his phone lit up.

He paused and picked up his phone, seeing it was a message from a number he didn’t have saved.

xxx-xxx-xxxx

hey george, it's clay. i look forward to the interview. what time works best for you?

George sighed and saved Clay’s contact in his phone before replying.

george

i can pull you out of one of your classes tomorrow or thursday? i can make anytime work

clay

i was actually thinking you could come to my place or something? i wanna see what the infamous george is like outside of oakwood high school

george

that's fine, i can come over on thursday? after school? it'll give me some time to get some questions ready

clay

that sounds good, see you then

p.s. i promise i don't like the attention

George reads over the message a couple of times before deciding to end the conversation there and put his phone down. Karl looked over at him, curiosity in his eyes.

“Who was that?” He asked.

“Yeah, you don’t have any friends beside us,” Alex piped in from the back seat.

George groaned and looked at Alex in the rearview mirror, “I will not hesitate to kick you out of

this car, and have you walk home.”

Alex grinned, “You love me too much to do that.”

George shook his head, “Do you want to test that theory?” Karl let out a loud laugh, rolling his eyes at his best friends.

“I can’t wait till the day one of you ends up killing the other.” Alex and George instantly started bickering about who would kill the other first. Despite him joking around with his friends, he was still extremely nervous about the interview. And he hated the fact that butterflies were slowly starting to form in his stomach.

Clay found his friends standing outside the locker room, engaged in their own conversation. They both looked up at the sound of their friend approaching.

“Hey man! Glad to see you made it back, what did George want?” Sam asked, a kind smile on his face.

Clay couldn’t help but grin back, Sam’s smile is extremely contagious. Growing up, he always knew that him and Nick were missing something. Someone to balance out their personalities. So when Sam first moved to town, they knew that he was going to get close with them. Nick is very outgoing and speaks his mind no matter what it’s about, Clay is a little quieter. But he likes to think he’s fun and outgoing too. And Sam is always calm, always knows the right thing to say, he’s always there to calm down the situation. Clay admires him for that.

“The Oakwood Gazette wants to write a story on me, and he was asking for an interview,” Clay answers as they all started walking into the locker room to change for practice.

Sam brightened, “That’s impressive dude! Did you say yes?” He asked, opening his locker.

Clay nodded, “Yeah, I told him I would do it, he also wants to interview the two of you for the story.”

Nick grinned, “Sounds like a plan, I can’t wait to talk massive shit,” Clay and Sam laughed at his comment, Clay shaking his head.

“I will pummel you if you do that. I need George to be impressed with me.” Clay quickly took his first off and replaced it with his gear for practice, both of his friends doing the same.

Nick tugged his uniform on, raising an eyebrow at his childhood best friend.

“And why do you need him to be impressed with you?” Nick asked.

Clay shrugged, “He just doesn’t like me, thinks I don’t deserve to be the topic of this story. He’s only doing it because he was forced to.”

Sam nodded, “Well, just make sure you take this seriously, it’s super important to him. Maybe not the story, but the organization as a whole.”

Nick agreed quickly, “Yeah, I have some of his reporters in my classes, and they all think he’s a great person and a great leader. I can only imagine how important the paper is to him.”

“Thanks guys, now I feel even more nervous about this,” Clay forced out a chuckle.

Sam grinned, curiosity laced in his expression. “You are going to do just fine, I promise he is going to realize how great of a guy you are.” He said. “Just give it some time, and tell him we are down to be interviewed.”

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos are always appreciated (but don't feel pressured to do so) :)

"You're not so bad either, Clay"

Chapter Summary

George realizes that Clay isn't as bad as he thought he was.

Chapter Notes

thank you for all of the love so far! here is a new chapter and it's a little longer this time! hope you enjoyyyy! also follow me on twitter if you want :) @/saddnapp

i also posted two one shots based on some spoken words, so you can check those out as wellllll <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There wasn't much for George to do during the week with his staff. By this time, they all had their assignments and were working individually. So he was just there to help them wherever they needed it, whether that be with an interview or simply how to word one of their sentences. Today, he sat at his desk with Alex and Karl and actually attempted to work on stuff instead of goofing off with his friends. But that didn't stop his friends from continuing to mess around.

George glared at the two boys, "Have you two even finished anything yet?" George asked, raising an eyebrow. Both of the boys stopped talking and shrugged at him.

Alex was the first to speak, "I usually just wait till the last minute and wing it."

George scoffed, "Please never speak to me again."

Alex chuckled and pulled out his laptop, "I guess I'll write a headline or something, but only for you Georgie," He said grinning widely.

George felt like if he were to roll his eyes one more time they would literally get stuck in the back of his head. And it's all because of Alex. Karl was about to jump into their conversation before there was a knock on the classroom door.

George's eyebrows furrowed in confusion as he looked toward the door. The person waited a moment before walking in, making his presence known quite quickly.

"Clay," George breathed out, feeling the air being knocked out of him.

The football player looked good today, with simple grey sweatpants and a football hoodie. George decided that the comfy look was his favorite look on Clay. *He shouldn't have a favorite look, come on now*. George and Clay made eye contact for the first time since he walked in and Clay smiled softly at him. Before George could say anything, Bad beat him to it.

"Oh! You must be Clay, the one George is featuring!" Bad jumped to his feet and walked to Clay, the two shaking hands quickly.

Clay flashed Bad his award-winning smile and nodded, “Yes sir, that’s me. I was wondering if I could speak with George really quickly in the hallway?” Clay asked.

Why did it feel like Clay was asking George’s dad to take him out on a date? Not that he would mind. *No, he definitely would mind, possibly.*

Bad nodded, “Of course, do you need a hall pass or anything?”

Clay shook his head but still thanked Bad for the offer. Everyone in the room was looking between Clay and George, probably thinking of all of the ways they could tease George for this interaction. Especially dumb and dumber sitting across from him.

Clay looked back at George and raised an eyebrow, “Can I speak with you for a moment, privately?” He finally asked.

George quickly cleared his throat and nodded, standing up. Clay gave him a relieved look before walking George out. George managed to look back and see Alex turned around with his arms wrapped around him, making it seem like he was making out with someone. George flushed, but shook his head and closed the door behind them. George looked back at Clay, who was now leaning up against the wall, staring at the shorter boy with an amused look.

“Do your friends do that with everyone you interact with?” Clay asked, laughing softly.

George chuckled, “No, only the attractive ones,” his eyes widened, “I mean-”

Clay laughed, and George could swear he saw a bit of redness creeping into his cheeks.

“Don’t worry about it George,” Clay smirked widely. George still rushed to defend himself but Clay just cut him off again.

“So, the real reason I wanted to talk to was that we need to move the interview to today. Coach scheduled a last-minute practice tomorrow before the game, and today would be my only chance to do it, in order to give you more time to actually write the article.”

George was a little surprised, it seemed like Clay was actually taking this seriously. George couldn’t tell if he was happy with it or not. If he wasn’t taking it seriously, it would be easier to not like him. *But do you really want to dislike him?* George cleared his throat and nodded.

“That’s completely fine, do you want me to come over after school?” George asked, remembering how Clay wanted to meet outside of school.

The taller boy nodded, “Yeah that would be good, you could come by after you drop your friends off?”

George raised an eyebrow, “You know that I take my friends home?”

Clay smiled gently, “Of course I know, I do pay attention sometimes, you know. I’ll text you my address when I get back to class.”

“Sounds good,” George said and turned to go back to the classroom.

“One more thing, George,” Clay called as he himself had started walking off. George stopped and turned to see a smirk written on Clay’s face.

“I think you’re pretty attractive too,” He said then turned on his heel, walking off. George quickly

walked into the classroom, leaning against the closed door with his eyes closed. He felt his cheeks on fire as he recalled the flirty look on Clay's face.

"Guys, our boy is in love!" Alex called suddenly to the quiet class. Everyone started laughing when George flipped him off, his eyes still closed. "I don't blame you, Gogy, he is hot." George opened his eyes and glared at Alex who only smirked in response.

"And he's jealous! What a day to be alive!" Alex whooped, high-fiving Karl who had a sincere grin on his face. He gave George a look that basically said, *don't worry we will talk later*.

George took his seat and placed his head in his hands, "We moved the interview to today and I don't have anything prepared," George groaned.

"Just follow in Alex's footsteps and wing it," Karl suggested, shrugging his shoulders.

George scoffed, "When did that ever go well for him?" Alex glared, "You just wish you were as talented as me."

The rest of the day passed by slowly, and George couldn't tell if he was happy with that or not. Clay had sent George his address along with another message trailing after it.

you look really nice today

George has decided to skip right over it and instead tell him that he would text him once he was on his way. The conversation had ended there. He was nervous about the interview, and he was never nervous. These things came easily to him, but now he was self-conscious about his questions and- *what was he going to wear?* Why did it matter so much? George never managed to get any questions actually written down, which was very unfortunate. He had an idea of what he wanted to ask, but there was a large chance he was going to forget everything immediately. George looked up, staring at the clock. He knew his friends would be waiting by his locker when he got there, they were excited for the interview even though they weren't even involved.

The rest of his newspaper class period consisted of Karl trying to be helpful while Alex was teasing him. Karl and George worked together to get a good idea of what George should ask, and Karl gave him some encouraging words that George didn't know he needed but appreciated nonetheless. He looks back at the clock, seeing that there was about a minute before class was out.

He counted down until the bell rang, he quickly gathered his things and rushed out of the classroom. He looked down the hallway and saw Clay where he normally was, with Nick and Sam. He looked over at Nick who was gazing down the hallway past him. George turned and saw Karl laughing loudly with Alex as walked up to George's locker. George smiled softly, which caught the attention of Nick's best friend. Clay looked at George and gave him a smile that made George's heart melt. Wait, no, he's not supposed to feel like that. George gave the boy a small smile before turning to go meet his friends. He saw Karl looking past his shoulder and he knew he was looking at Nick. But he didn't think to say anything yet.

"Are you losers ready to get going?" Karl and Alex both looked up and nodded.

The three of them walked out to George's car and it wasn't long until both boys were dropped off at Karl's house to work on some project they had. George sat in the parking lot of Karl's house for a couple of seconds before picking up his phone and pulling up Clay's contact.

george

hey clay, i'm on my way, should be there in like five minutes

clay

see you soon georgie

It wasn't long until George pulled up to Clay's house, seeing there was only one car in the driveway. He felt some tension relieve his shoulders as he realized he wouldn't have to meet either of Clay's parents today. He sighed and grabbed his computer from the passenger seat, quickly climbing out of his car. This only had to be an hour at most, nothing after. After this, they don't have to talk to each other ever again. Perfect.

George knocked on the front door and listened as Clay talked to someone before the door swung open. George looked up, finally realizing how much taller Clay was than himself. "Hey George," Clay stepped aside and let George walk in. George looked to the side and saw a small cat walking around. Cats were George's soft spot, instantly kneeling and cooing at the cat.

Clay looked down at them and smiled softly, the moment awfully domestic. "Her name is Patches, I guess she really likes you. That never happens," Clay said softly. George looked up at him briefly before turning back to Patches. He held his hand out and watched as she sniffed it before pushing her head under his hand. He grinned and pet her for a second before standing back up and looking at Clay.

"Are you ready to start?"

Clay led George to the living room where they both sat on the couch, a little space between them for George's laptop and phone. George sat cross-legged and Clay tucked a leg under his other one, getting comfortable.

"I promise it won't take too long and I don't have any questions prepared, so I'm just going to wing it," George informed Clay quickly.

Clay smiled and shrugged, "Wow, I thought you would be one that is over-prepared."

George found himself chuckling, "Most of the time, but my friends just told me to wing it and I figured I would listen to them for once in our lives." Clay laughed and nodded, suddenly getting serious.

George took a deep breath and opened his voice recording app on his phone before looking back up at Clay. "Do you mind if I record this interview?"

Clay shook his head quickly, "Not at all."

George nodded and hit the record button, only an hour. He could do this.

"What is your name and what grade are you in?"

"My name is Clay Elliot, and I am a senior at Oakwood High School."

"What are you involved in at school?"

"I am currently the quarterback for the football team, president of the student council, I play on the

baseball team, and I volunteer with the school often.”

“What is your inspiration to stay grounded?”

“My mom and my sister, despite how cheesy that sounds. It's only been the three of us for a long timer now. They are both so strong and positive all of the time, it gives me the motivation to do the same. I work hard every day to make them proud. They are my biggest fans and I love making them proud.”

“What is your favorite part of high school?”

“Spending time with my friends and playing sports. My two best friends, Sam and Nick. We've been friends ever since we were younger. I love being able to spend time with them, but also work towards goals in the sports I play. I genuinely love playing football and baseball, it's the thrill that I enjoy most. Knowing that everyone is watching you, counting on you to do good. I thrive on that. And getting to meet cute boys and see them every day, that's a big plus too.”

“What are your plans for the future?”

“I really want to work with coding and software development. I've been coding a lot in my free time and it's something that I'm really passionate about.” George looked at him, his interest peaking. “You want to work with coding? What do you code right now?” He asked.

Clay smiled softly, happy that they found something in common, “I work with Minecraft right now, but I want to work my way up to other games.”

“That's actually similar to what I want to do. I'm planning on majoring in computer science in college.” George told him.

Clay raised an eyebrow, “Huh, that's my plan too. I have a full ride to the University of Florida for football. But I also plan on majoring in Computer Science as well as minoring in English.”

“That's a lot of stuff, do you think you'll be able to handle it?” George asked out of pure curiosity.

Clay laughed, “I like to think I'll be able to handle it. I hope to have someone with me at the time to help me manage everything.” George felt his heart stutter at the comment.

“As in a relationship? Do you see yourself in a relationship after high school? You're kind of known to be untouchable around the school.”

Clay sighed, “I hope to be in one before I graduate,” he gave George a shy smile before continuing. “But I guess I just never met the right person. But I like to think that I have now. It all just depends on how the future goes. As for being “untouchable” at school, I never want to have that image, I didn't really mean for that to happen. I guess because I only stick with my group of friends, it makes it difficult for others to approach me. But it's not my intention at all.”

“You are the best player in both football and baseball, did you grow up playing or did you start in high school?”

“I have been playing both sports ever since I can remember. My mom is also athletic so she wanted to put me in at least one little league sport. But I was really good at both, so she put me in both. And I've been playing ever since.”

“What is something you wish people knew about you?”

“That I don’t like the attention,” Clay gave George a pointed look before continuing with his answer. “I only stick with my two friends, and I didn’t mean to have the image that I do now. I just want to have fun with my friends, I don’t care about how people view me. As long as I’m happy and the people in my life are happy, I’ll be okay.”

George asked a couple more questions until the recording neared an hour. Some part of George didn’t want to leave, he wanted to keep talking to Clay about his life, getting to know him.

“Can I ask you a question?” Clay asked suddenly, looking at George with a curious expression. George gulped and nodded. “Why do you hate me?”

George’s eyes widened, his stomach-turning.

“I don’t hate you,” George grumbled quietly.

Clay laughed, “Well you obviously don’t like me. I want to know why.”

“It’s not that I don’t like you, I just don’t like your image. Everyone views you like you own the school and you don’t. There are a lot of talented people at our school and you get all of the attention no matter what.” George paused, “But I realize that you don’t like the attention.”

Clay smiled, “See, I promise you I don’t like it. And if it were up to me, I wouldn’t have the image that I do now.”

George nodded and stopped the recording, closing his laptop. Clay looked at him and smiled softly, “You know, you’re not so bad, George.” George laughed softly, his eyes gleaming with something Clay didn’t recognize. “You’re not so bad either, Clay.”

Chapter End Notes

have a good night <3

@/saddnapp on twitter

"Basically"

Chapter Summary

George and Karl bond while talking about their feelings and they go to a football game

Chapter Notes

sorry it took me so long to get this up, it took me a while to actually write this. it's a little longer than the normal chapters and I haven't gone through and edited it, so I'm sorry for any typos! thanks so much for the love and i hope you like the chapter! it jumps around everywhere, so just pay attention <3

@/saddnapp on twitter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When someone is writing an article, you normally need a lot more than just the article itself. You need quotes, and bylines, and sources, and pictures. Pictures. George has a rule that everyone has to take their own pictures, no reused pictures or pictures that they didn't take. On the off chance they couldn't get one themselves, one of the other staff members would step in and go get one for them. And since George was writing about Clay, he needed to go get a photo of him, specifically of him playing football. And easy enough, there was a football game that week. It would be dumb of George to miss that chance to get the picture out of the way. Also, Clay has suggested that he go to the game.

After George finished the interview with Clay, he didn't want to leave. And he knew that he should have left as soon as possible, but he couldn't help himself. Clay asked him about the paper and what all went into managing a group of people like that, even though he had an idea himself. He really just wanted to hear George talk.

"It's crazy, knowing that they all look up to me in one way or another. But I wouldn't change it for the world." George said, resting his head on the back of the couch. Clay nodded,

"Are they all comfortable with you and stuff?" He asked.

"I'd like to think so, I have relationships with each of them since they all have different personalities. I have different boundaries with each of them, and that really helps them all get comfortable with me," George replied.

"That's really nice, that you care about them that much. It takes a special person to have a heart like that." George warmed at Clay's comment, butterflies forming in the pit of his stomach. Clay noticed George's cheeks beginning to redden, and he couldn't help but comment on it. "You're cute when you blush," Clay had said, almost inaudible.

But George heard it and blushed even more, "I think I should head home, thank you for being serious with this," George said standing up. Clay instantly followed, his expression suddenly

worried.

“Wait, I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable with that comment,” He began to say, but George held his hand up with a soft smile. “You didn’t, don’t worry about it.”

Clay wanted to say something else, but it looked like he decided against it, saying something safer.
“

Don’t you need a picture for the story? Why don’t you come to the game on Friday? I can get you tickets.” Clay had a hopeful look and George melted at the sight.

“I think I can do that, but I have an editor pass so I can get in for free, but I appreciate the offer nonetheless.” Clay nodded and picked up George’s computer, handing it to him. “I’ll walk you out?” Clay asked, the same hopeful look gleaming in his eyes.

George nodded, “I’d like that.”

Clay had texted George once he got home and said that he couldn’t wait to see him at the game. And George hated the way it made his whole body warm with butterflies. Thursday came and went, George, mainly just working through the outline of his story, trying to decide what information he wanted to include. He still needed to get some interviews from Clay’s friend, but he figured he would just ask Friday night or the Saturday after. Now, George was sitting in his newspaper class, Karl sitting right next to him as they helped each other with what they were struggling with.

“Are you going to the game tonight?” Karl asked suddenly.

The room was quiet, everyone working on their own work, even Alex.

George looked at his friend and nodded, “I was planning on it, do you want to come with me? I was gonna use my pass to get on the field and take pictures.” Karl’s grin widened instantly.

“Yeah, of course. Do you want me to bring my camera too?” He asked.

George could feel his excitement and nervousness. He was hoping to get the chance to talk to Karl about his obvious crush on Nick, and maybe tonight he could do that while they were on the field.

George nodded, “Yes please,” George leaned close and whispered, “You can even get some pictures of Nick for when you write a story on him.”

He watched Karl’s cheeks light up and he laughed, patting his friend on the shoulder. “We can talk about it later,” George said gently, trying to show that he supported him no matter what. He knew Karl got the message when he smiled softly, nodding slightly. George looked across from him and saw Alex practically falling asleep on his computer, but George knew he needed the sleep, so he didn’t say anything.

“So, tell me how the interview went, we never really got the chance to go into detail about it,” Karl said quietly, nudging George in the side.

George sighed, “It wasn’t as bad as I thought it was going to be, honestly.” Karl smiled at the answer, happy to see Clay getting through to George.

Karl didn’t know Clay personally, but he knew that he was a good person, despite what everyone thinks. And he always thought that Clay and George would compliment each other well. He knew the facade that George was holding up was only to protect himself from something that could

genuinely make him happy. Karl was just happy to see the progress Clay makes with George. He was excited to see what happens within the next couple of weeks.

George spent the rest of the school day, working on the newspaper and getting as much done as he could before the following week. Karl and George agreed that Karl would come to pick George up and they would go to the game together. They offered to let Alex come with them, but he politely declined, saying he was gonna turn in early and try and get some more sleep.

When Karl and George pulled into the parking lot, they could see the football team warming up on one side of the field, and the other team taking over the other side. Karl and George had their cameras hanging around their necks, on and adjusted to the lighting. They also had their staff passes around their neck, which they showed to the coach at the gate to get down onto the field. It didn't take George too long to spot Clay amongst the players, the number one printed largely on his back. He gulped as he watched Clay pass the ball to Nick who was down the field a little bit. He looked over and noticed Karl also looking at the boys. He couldn't help but grin at the sight, Karl looked like he was about to fall over just from looking at Nick.

"So, I guess we should talk about this?" George asked looking over at Karl. Karl sighed and nodded. The two leaned against the railing in front of the bleachers and relaxed for a second, their eyes still on the football team in front of them.

"Have you ever talked to him?" George asked, knowing he didn't have to say his name.

Karl shook his head, "I don't think so. I think he bumped into me once and said sorry, but that's it."

George nodded, "I can tell how much you like him, maybe tonight you can get his number or something." George said, shrugging.

Karl looked at him with wide eyes, "Do you know who I am?" Karl laughed softly.

George chuckled and shrugged once more. "You never know, so when did you realize you liked him?" George asked his best friend gently, he didn't want to push his boundaries, but he also knew that Karl needed to get the feelings out to someone.

Karl stood and thought for a moment before answering, "He's in AP Bio with me, and one day he was partnered with Sam for some project. And there was this girl who was having a rough day or something, and she looked close to crying, and the teacher snapped at her for not having a partner, and that made her snap and break down. And Nick told Sam something and Sam got up and went to go be the girl's partner, meanwhile Nick got in trouble for not having a partner." George averted his eyes, causing Karl to hit him in the arm.

"I was already partnered with Tubbo by then, but the fact that Nick willingly took the heat for not having a partner was sweet to me. And it made me realize how much I actually liked him, without even having a real conversation with him." Karl finished softly.

The two looked around them, seeing the support for the football team starting to grow in the bleachers, the boys hyping themselves up on the field. "I think that's why I pushed you to do this story on Clay," Karl said after a moment of silence. George looked over at him confused, "Because I wanted to have the chance to talk with Nick. And if you became friends with Clay, then it gave me more of a chance since we're best friends."

When George didn't say anything, Karl nudged him. "What about you? I can see the way you look at him," Karl said quietly. George looked over at him to see Karl's serious expression. "I know you

don't see it yet, but you look at him like he's the only one you want. And he looks at you in the same way."

"I don't know how I feel yet. I know that the interview changed my opinion a bit, but I still don't want to continue anything with him. We are too different." George said, almost too quietly for Karl to hear.

Karl rolled his eyes, "I just think you need to keep your eyes open, stay optimistic. He really likes you, you just need to make sure that you don't lose this opportunity."

George looked back over at Clay to see him already looking at him. George felt his stomach turn as he got Nick's attention. The two boys looked at them before saying something to their teammates and making their way toward them.

"Oh god," George mumbled, watching as Clay took his helmet off.

His mouth went dry at the sight, seeing the taller boy's bright smile.

"Hey, George! Karl," Clay acknowledged them both.

Clay looked down at George, his gaze softening. George looked over and saw Nick talking to Karl, soft smiles adorning both of their faces. George couldn't help but be proud of his best friend, talking to his crush without fainting. Clay suddenly took George's hand and pulled them to the side, a little far away from the other two. But they didn't even notice, too engrossed in their own sugary-sweet conversation.

"They are cute together," Clay said gently. George looked over at the two before looking back at Clay.

"They are, I know Karl has a really big crush on him." Clay laughed and nodded, telling him that Nick felt the same way.

"We have to let them figure it out on their own though, okay?" George said, raising an eyebrow at the taller boy.

Clay nodded before speaking, "You know who else would be cute together?" George cocked his head, waiting for a response.

Clay got close and leaned in to whisper in his ear, the two of them hearing the coach call for his two star players. "Me and you. Wait for us after the game," he spoke before calling Nick and the two of them running off to keep warming up.

George walked back over to Karl and saw the intense blush on his cheeks, George's blush matching. "What did Nick say?" George asked as he watched the team rile themselves up, making game plans quickly before the game starts.

"He just asked how I was doing, and about the newspaper. He said he wants a story written about him," Karl said, adjusting the camera strap around his neck. "He also said that the photographer look is cute on me," Karl blushed even more at the comment, making George laugh gently.

"What did you tell him?" George asked.

"I thanked him, and said I would gladly write a story about him."

George grinned, "Perfect answer."

They both laughed and turned their attention to the football team who were hyping themselves up in the inflatable mascot. Karl and George took their place in the middle of the field, where the boys would be running out. They made sure their cameras were adjusted and ready to take pictures. Karl and George looked at each other and nodded, beginning to focus on getting pictures for the paper. There were always moments when they could mess around, but there were also times they needed to be serious. They took this very seriously, and this was one of those times.

“Who are we?” George heard Clay yell loudly to his team. The team all responded, yelling and boosting themselves up. “Let’s fucking win this game!” Clay yelled once more and they all yelled before a horn sounded and they started running. Karl and George instantly started taking pictures, walking backward for a moment before rushing to the side so they didn’t get trampled by the football players.

George and Karl walked up and down the field as they played, taking pictures of good plays, specifically two special players, often comparing the pictures. George noticed how attractive Clay was when he played. Even through his helmet, Clay could see the tense expression, completely serious and determined to win. The two boys were being very obvious while looking at their two players. George could tell that Clay kept looking over at him, so when he was, George would zoom in and grab a good picture. He keeps those pictures to himself.

The Oakwood Eagles manage to get ahead by ten points by halftime. The fans in the audience were cheering louder than George had ever heard and the boys managed to get some pretty good photos of the student second and fans in the bleachers.

By the end of the game, the Eagles managed to beat the other team by a good fifteen points, and seeing the team celebrate was heartwarming for George. He could see Clay’s beaming smile from where he was standing and George couldn’t help but raise his camera and zoom in, snapping a bright photo of Clay, his smile visible through his helmet. George continued to take pictures as Clay pulled his helmet off, shaking his head to mess up his hair. George’s mouth went dry as the sight, his stomach filling with a feeling he wasn’t used to. He looked really good in his uniform. Well, he looked good all of the time, but especially now.

Nick looked over at George and Karl, taking his own helmet off and following the same motion Clay did. George looked over and saw Karl’s mouth practically on the floor. George laughed and made the dramatic gesture of closing Karl’s mouth, causing Nick to laugh loud enough for them to hear. He raised his hand and made the “one-moment” motion before running off with Clay and the rest of the team.

Karl and George grabbed a couple more pictures of the fans and the scoreboard before walking off the field and behind the bleachers where the players normally met their families after games.

Karl and George spoke softly to each other, showing each other their pictures. When George got the ones he had taken when Clay was taking his helmet off, Karl smirked at George. “I still don’t want to continue anything with him, my ass.” George glared jokingly at Karl who only laughed in response.

He was about to say something else but he heard his name called, making him instantly look up. He watched as Clay and Nick walked up to them, still in their uniforms but without the helmets.

Nick grinned widely at them, “Did yall get any good pictures?” He asked, seeming genuinely interested.

George nodded, glancing over at Karl. “It was easy to get good pictures of good players.” Karl’s eyes widened, but he nodded in approval.

George noticed the small blush rising in Clay's cheeks and he couldn't help but feel accomplished at the sight.

"Am I going to be able to see any of the pictures?" Clay asked, taking a step toward George. He looked over to see Nick pulling Karl aside, the two of them seeming to be in a timid yet comfortable conversation.

George looked back up at Clay to see him even closer than he was before, "I'll ask again, do I get to see any of those pictures? Or are you planning on keeping them to yourself?" Clay asked, his voice lower than usual. George couldn't imagine how red his cheeks were as he looked up at the taller boy.

"Maybe one day, I might just keep them for myself," Clay smirked at George's words, a grin spreading.

"I mean, they are pictures of me, I'm sure you would like to keep them to yourself." George rolled his eyes.

"So," Clay said, becoming serious, "I have a question for you." George raised his eyebrow, curious about the sudden mood change. Clay leaned on the wall next to them, looking down at George, a curious glint in his eyes. "I want to take you out, on a date." George's eyes widened, that's not what he was expecting. George was about to decline but Clay instantly started speaking again, practically pleading his case.

"I know you don't think I'm a good person, and I normally don't do things like this. But I really like you George, and I really want to change your opinion of me. Please, let me take you out." Clay said, taking a step closer to George. George looked up at him, giving him a challenging look that Clay seemed to feed off of. He took another step closer to George, "If you still don't like me by the end of the night, I'll leave you alone, I promise." Clay's expression looked genuine and it made George's heart stutter.

"What would you do if I said no?" George knew he was going to say yes, but he still wanted to mess with Clay. He glanced over at Nick and Karl, seeing them both giving him thumbs up and encouraging smiles. He rolled his eyes jokingly before turning back to Clay who had an amused look on his face.

"I'd probably just take no for an answer, but I have a feeling it's not going to be a no."

George laughed and shrugged, "I guess I'll go out with you. Only once though, because I promise my opinion isn't going to change." He challenged.

Clay chuckled, "Well, I am confident that I will, I know you don't hate me anymore, especially after all of those photos you took only of me," His voice was full of confidence and all George wanted was to knock him down a couple of pegs.

George heard someone call Clay and Nick's names, all four of the boys looking in that direction. The football coach was calling them, seeming to be super important. Clay looked back at George and grinned widely, "I'll text you the details. We will go tomorrow night." Clay leaned down and kissed George's cheek before rushing off with Nick, who waved at George and smiled sweetly at Karl.

Karl and George watched as the boys ran off, chatting with their coach, similar grins spreading on their faces. George sighed and walked over to Karl, reaching down and turning his camera off, Karl doing the same.

“So did you say yes?” Karl asked, looking over at George.

“Basically, did you say yes?” George asked in return. Karl grinned sheepishly, “Basically.”

Chapter End Notes

drink some water and take care of yourself! @/saddnapp on twitter!

“Did you just flirt with me, George?”

Chapter Summary

George talks with a special someone and gets ready for his date.

Chapter Notes

hi everyone! this is a much shorter chapter, because i wanted to next chapter to be completely focused on the date! so this is just a little filler chapter, thank you for all of the love so far! i also didn't edit this so ignore the mistakes if there are any :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

That night, George laid in bed, his heart fluttering as he thought of all the possible outcomes to the date. Karl and George had left soon after the boys walked off, the two of them sitting in Karl's car as they watched the parking lot slowly empty.

“Are you nervous at all?” Karl had asked as they sat in the parking lot.

George was going to act tough and say no, of course not. But he found himself nodding rather quickly, “I’m scared shitless.” He was telling the truth, he always tried to act confident, but he knew he could trust Karl. He could always trust Karl.

“I’ve just never been on a date before,” George whispered lightly.

Karl nodded, “Neither have I, we can experience it together. And compare after. I can come over?”

George nodded, “Yes please,” He paused for a second. “Do you think it’s going to go well?” George had found himself asking.

Karl looked over at him as he put the part in drive to leave the parking lot, “I have no doubt that it’s going to be nothing short of amazing. Clay is a great guy and I genuinely think you should give him a chance.”

George thought about that while he was in bed. He laid there, staring up at the ceiling, his hand resting on his stomach. It was probably around three in the morning at this point. Sometimes he doesn’t want to sleep because he knows he will have to stop imagining different scenarios. He thought about where Clay would take him. *Was he going to kiss him goodnight? Were they going to have another date? Was Clay going to completely hate him? What will happen if it goes well?*

George turned over and picked up his phone, seeing an unread message on his phone. He found himself smiling as he opened the message, seeing Clay’s name pop up.

Clay

please tell me you’re awake

George

i am awake, are you okay?

Clay

i just want to know if you're as nervous as i am about tomorrow

George felt his stomach flutter, a small smile adorning his face. He could feel himself softening for Clay, despite how much he wanted to keep that from happening. Clay was just the type of person that someone could let their guard down with, and George knew that from the beginning.

George

i am extremely nervous, that's why i'm awake

Clay

can i call you, please

George found himself saying yes without even fully thinking it through. He watched as his phone lit up with Clay's contact name across the top. He quickly answered it and moved the phone to his ear, hearing Clay's small chuckle through the phone. He found himself wanting to hear that sound more.

"Hi Clay," George's voice was breathy and uneven, only exposing his nervousness.

"Hi George, I just wanted to hear your voice," George could hear the tiredness in Clay's voice, but he loved the way he sounded whenever he was tired. He could only imagine how he sounded after just waking up. "Can you talk to me about the story you're writing on me? How's that going?"

George found himself grinning widely, happy to talk about something he was passionate about. "It's going well, I have to have it finished by next week, I'm hoping to get it in the print this month." Clay hummed in acknowledgment.

"Do you write articles often?" Clay asked gently.

George shook his head, but he soon realized Clay couldn't see him and answered verbally, "No, only when I get time. Normally I'm either working on our website or on the print version of the paper. Or working on my staff's stories and helping them out."

Clay hummed once again, telling George to continue talking about it. George felt butterflies filling his stomach as he started ranting about newspaper. He talked about how the print version was going and how difficult it has been for him to get it finished. He told Clay about his current story and how he has everything planned out, he just needed to interview Nick and Sam. Clay quickly apologized for not asking while at the game and told George he could text George the necessary phone numbers.

"Thank you, that's all I would need then I can finish it within a couple of days," George said, turning and laying on his back once again.

"Am I going to get to read it before it's published?"

George laughed gently, "No, not until you have a copy."

Clay let out a little laugh, "I love your laugh, it's so cute."

George blushed deeply at the compliment, covering his face with one of his hands. "You can't see me, but I can feel myself blushing already." Clay let out a happy laugh.

"*Did you just flirt with me, George?*" Clay asked, his voice suddenly becoming lower than before.

George smiled, "I think I did, I might have to do it more often if I can get that reaction. George found himself falling asleep to Clay's rambling.

The last thing he heard was a simple "*Goodnight Georgie, I can't wait for tomorrow.*"

When George woke up, he looked over and felt kind of disappointed to see that Clay wasn't on the phone anymore. However, he did see a new message from Clay at the top of his notifications, a message from Karl sitting under it.

Clay

good morning handsome, i'll be there to pick you up at around five tonight. i hope that works for you, i will also send you the phone numbers real quick. i can't wait to see you <3

Clay had also sent Sam and Nick's numbers which George quickly saved in his contact. He responded to Clay with a good morning and a quick response, as well as his address. He then turned to look at Karl's message to see him asking if he and Alex could come over before the dates later in the day. George of course said yes and Karl quickly responded saying they were already on their way. Both boys had keys to George's house and the same thing with each of them.

George's mom adored Karl and Alex, and she was rarely home so she gave them keys so they could come and go as they please, or if they ever needed somewhere to stay, they could come here. George always admired his mom, she worked at the local hospital and was always there, the same thing with his dad. But George didn't mind, he always had his friends to keep him company

George climbed out of bed and ruffled his hair before going to sit at his desk. He quickly logged in and checked on his newspaper staff and their progress on everything. By the time Alex and Karl walked in, he was editing Niki's story after receiving a message saying she needed some revising.

"You're always working on newspaper, can you do something else for a change?" Alex joked.

George turned and grinned at his friends, watching as they laid on his bed.

George grinned back at his friends, "Of course not, you know I live and breathe this."

His friends rolled their eyes at the comment. "Plus, I have to send Nick and Sam text messages about interviews, so I have to do that real quick," George said before sending quick messages to both boys, introducing himself and telling them what he needed.

They both responded very quickly, telling George that they would love to be interviewed and they both gave a time they would be free. They decided to do it during school, saying that George could just pull them out of their classes whenever he decided. George told them that he was super thankful and he would be in contact with them both soon.

George laid on the bed in between Alex and Karl, the three of them staring at the ceiling in silence.

"So, you two are going on dates tonight? Is it a double date?" Alex was the first one to speak. George shook his head, maybe they could have a double date sooner, but not now.

"No, they are separate. Do you know where Nick is taking you?" George asked Karl.

Karl smiled gently, “Yeah, we’re going to the movie drive-in, then we’re going to go to his place and play some board games apparently.”

George grinned, “That sounds like a lot of fun.”

“Do you know where you and Clay are going?” Karl asked, looking over at George.

George sighed and shook his head, “He didn’t tell me, I think he wants to keep it a surprise.” Karl and Alex nodded, not finding the need to give an answer.

“I’m happy for the two of you, you guys have to tell me how it goes, okay?” Alex said softly.

Karl and George instantly nodded, “Of course dude, do you guys want to hang out sometime and go out? We could go shopping or something?” Karl suggested, knowing they needed time to hang out, a time when they didn’t have to worry about the life around them or school.

The two friends instantly nodded. They talked for a while and ended up falling asleep after a couple of minutes. Karl set an alarm to wake them up so they could have time to do what they needed to do. At around four o’clock, Karl and Alex left, leaving George to begin getting ready for his date.

He went through his closet probably five different times, trying to find something that would be good to wear. He tried to imagine what Clay would be wearing. He didn’t want to be overdressed or underdressed, so saying he was stressed was an understatement. He had different ideas in his head, but he ended up deciding on black jeans, a navy blue sweater with a collared shirt underneath. He decided on wearing a pair of Air Force Ones with them, and looked down at himself, before standing in front of the mirror. He didn’t look that bad! He was proud of himself and he hoped Clay liked his outfit.

By the time he had finished getting ready, it was close to five o’clock. He sat at his desk and stared at his phone until a message popped up.

Clay

I’m outside, see you in a second, beautiful

Chapter End Notes

kudos and comments are super appreciated! thanks for reading, the next chapter should be up soon!

"Did I woo you?"

Chapter Summary

George and Clay go on a date! And they get to know each other!

Chapter Notes

sorry this took longer than i thought, but this is the date! the moment we have all been waiting for. this is a little longer than normal, so i hope it works. i hope you all like it, i also didn't edit this before posting, so ignore any mistakes. i will catch them and change them whenever i read through! enjoy <3

p.s. this is very dialogue-heavy so i'm sorry in advance

@/saddnapp on twitter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Saying George was nervous was a big understatement. He read over Clay's message a couple more times before it hit him, Clay was outside and waiting for him. He quickly grabbed his keys and his phone and rushed downstairs. He could see Clay's car through the window and that's when it actually hit him. He was going on a date with the most popular kid at his school. *What the hell is going on with his life?* George made sure all of the lights were off before opening the door, seeing Clay there with a bouquet of flowers in his hands. George instantly started blushing which was very visible to Clay.

"I didn't know what kind you liked, so I got daffodils because they represent new beginnings," Clay rambled, making George's heart basically burst with endearment.

"Clay, that's so sweet. Thank you, here come in real quick so I can get a vase." Clay followed the instructions and walked in, closing the door behind him. George could see the taller boy looking around curiously. George quickly grabbed one of his mom's vases and took care of the flowers.

"You don't live by yourself, right?" Clay asked as George rejoined him in the doorway.

George shook his head, "No, my parents are with me, but they both work in the medical field, so they are rarely home. And I'm an only child," He replied.

Clay nodded thoughtfully and held his hand out, "Are you ready for the best night of your life?" Clay asked, a mischievous glint hidden in his eyes.

George grinned at him, "More than ready, you have to woo me, Clay."

"Oh, I plan on doing just that," Clay replied and allowed George to take his hand. The two walked out of the house, George making sure to lock the door behind him. Clay led George to his car, opening the passenger door and helping him in. George thanked him quietly and watched as Clay

walked around, climbing in next to him.

“So where are you taking me?” George asked as Clay started pulling out of the driveway.

Clay looked over and grinned at him, “It’s a surprise,” George rolled his eyes at the expected comment. The taller boy laughed, “We’re going to a drive-in movie, then we’re going to go stargazing. The back of my car has a bunch of blankets and pillows for us to get comfortable.”

George looked over at him, a clear look of adoration on his face. “That sounds great, what movie are we seeing?” George asked watching as Clay drove.

He noticed the concentration in Clay’s face, how he clenched the steering wheel when he was getting on the highway, how he relaxed once he was officially on the highway and knew he was fine. George found himself not being able to look away.

Clay looked over at him and grinned, “Wanna take a picture?”

George let out a laugh, shaking his head. “You’re just easy on the eyes,” George said softly.

Clay blushed softly and shrugged, “Can’t help it, and we’re going to watch Grease, it was the best option they had.”

The ride to the drive-in was simple, Clay left his hand on George’s knee the entire time, squeezing every once in a while to give George a calming reassurance. They talked quietly, Clay talking about his morning practice, George taking time to note Clay’s outfit. He was wearing black jeans with a black sweater kind of tucked in. He was wearing a necklace around his neck that George found attractive on him. His hair was a little messy, but it worked for him. Anything worked for Clay.

Clay refused to let George pay when they got there. “You drove, at least let me pay for the entry fee,” George said as Clay passed the woman his credit card.

Clay looked over at him and shook his head, “Are you crazy? I asked you out, my treat.” George ended up giving up, instead just deciding to pay for their next date. The next one.

Clay parked near the back so he could lift the trunk without obstructing anyone’s view. The two of them worked together to lay out the blankets and set up the pillows. The mere thought of cuddling with Clay made George light-headed already, and how sweet Clay was acting made it even harder to think straight. Clay somehow found ways to rest his hands on George, whether that be on his waist or his back, it made George’s legs weak. That was something he had never felt before.

Once they finished setting up the trunk of Clay’s car, Clay made sure to turn his car on enough to turn the radio on. He switched it to the right station and rejoined George. They both managed to climb into the trunk and managed to get comfortable. They weren’t cuddling, but George figured they would be soon. Clay turned on his side and watched as the previews started playing. George also turned on his side and looked at Clay, admiring his features.

Clay grinned down at him, “So, only child huh? Does that ever get lonely?” Clay asked, his voice slightly hushed.

George sighed, “Kind of, I mean Alex and Karl are with me almost all of the time, but other than that, it does get kind of lonely. Do you have any siblings?” George wanted to know all about Clay, every single little detail.

Clay nodded, “I have a younger sister, Drista. She’s like my entire world,” Clay said softly.

“Are y’all close in age?” George asked, genuinely interested.

“She’s thirteen, so five years younger than me. But we are still really close,” Clay responded. George was about to ask another question, but the movie started and it distracted both boys. They watched as the beginning credits started rolling in, George trying his best to get comfortable, stretching his legs out. Clay looked over at him and extended an arm, opening a space for George to lay down. “Only if you feel comfortable,” Clay whispered. George was silent for a second, but he knew he would regret it if he declined Clay’s offer.

“Just no funny business,” George joked softly.

Clay chuckled, “Maybe later,” he said and pulled George closer to him. George settled in Clay’s arms, resting his head on his shoulder. As much as they wanted to talk, they also wanted to watch the movie. As the movie progressed, the boys found themselves relaxing and practically melting into each other. George didn’t really care about the movie, instead, he focused on how warm Clay was, and how comforting his little laughs were. And his soothing voice whenever he was singing along to the movie. George found Clay way more interesting than the movie. He found himself wanting the movie to end so he could actually hear Clay talk about something he was passionate about. Throughout the entire movie, Clay would gently kiss George’s forehead or whisper to him about the movie.

“Drista literally loves this song, every time we watch it, it always gets stuck in her head.”

“This is my favorite part, right here. Watch Georgie.”

“I dressed up as Danny one time for Halloween. Drista made fun of me for the entire night.”

George was so comfortable laying with Clay, he just wanted to fall asleep. He knew he wasn’t going to hate Clay anymore, all he felt now was pure adoration for the blonde boy. George looked around seeing all of the couples on blankets and in the trunks of their cars, smiling softly.

Did he see himself with Clay for a long time? Probably.

Did that scare him? Probably.

Definitely.

He looked up at Clay to see him already looking down at George. “Am I wooing you yet?” Clay asked softly, his voice was barely audible to George.

George smiled, “You’re almost there.”

Once the movie was over, they both quickly packed everything up carefully and got back in the car. George looked over at Clay, the street lamps shining gently, lighting up Clay’s features. “Where are we going now?” George asked, setting his hand on the middle console. Clay reached over and took George’s hand in his own.

“I used to take Drista up to this park that had a cliff. She would always talk to me about the stars, so we go often. I wanted to take you there.” George’s heart warmed at the thoughtful action.

“That sounds great,” George whispered. Clay grinned widely at him and focused back on the road.

“Do you still take Drista there?” George asked softly.

Clay shrugged, “I wish we could go more often, but she’s been super busy with school. I’m glad I

can take someone else up there. I haven't been in a while."

"So Karl and Alex, you guys are close?" Clay asked, glancing over at George.

George nodded quickly, "We are. We met freshman year I think, when we all took the course for newspaper. We all just grew super close in that class, and we all became editors which made us best friends. I don't know what I would do without them." George answered.

Clay hummed in acknowledgment "That's how Nick and Sam are for me. We've all known each other for so long, I can't imagine them being in my life." Clay said gently,

Clay was letting his guard down with George, and it was interesting to see him without the cocky grin he held at school.

"I can tell how much you care for them, it's nice to see you let your guard down with them. Do you guys argue at all?" George asked, wanting to keep the conversation going.

Clay shrugged, "Rarely, if we ever do, we always manage to talk it out before the day is over. When we were younger, we would ignore each other for days, but that's because we were all kids." George nodded, humming softly.

Clay glanced over at him, "What about the three of you? Do you guys get into arguments often? Especially since you are all editors?" He asked as he pulled into a small parking lot.

George thought about the question for a moment, "We don't argue often. If we do, it's my fault because I never let them do anything, and I tend to take on all of the responsibilities on my own." Clay nodded and let George continue as he took the keys out of his car. "They just get frustrated because they don't like seeing me upset, but we always end up figuring it out." George finished quickly. They both got out of the car and Clay went to the back and grabbed a couple of blankets, handing them to George before carrying the pillows himself.

Clay held his free hand with a gentle smile on his face. It was at this moment when George realized their height difference. George could easily slot himself in Clay's arm and rest his head on the latter's chest, the thought made George feel giddy. George reached and took Clay's hand, the two of them intertwining their fingers quickly. George also realized the size difference in their hands. George's hands were small and dainty, but Clay's were bigger and rough from playing sports, he liked that difference. Clay led George throughout the park, finding a trail and following it. They didn't talk much, just basked in the comfortable silence that was slowly spreading between them. But they didn't need to talk, the occasional squeezing of each other's hands was more than enough to comfort George, to calm his nerves.

When Clay stopped walking, George practically ran into him, quickly stopping in his tracks. George paused and looked around, his heart warming at the simple sight. "This is so pretty, Clay," George breathed, his gaze focusing back on Clay.

Clay's eyes were already on him as he spoke, "It is, isn't it," Clay sounded like he was out of breath, and it made butterflies erupt in the pit of George's stomach.

Clay continued and led George to a small cliff, helping George lay out the blankets and pillows. They both laid down and looked up, content grins on their face.

"Why did you not like me in the beginning?" Clay asked, his voice hushed. George sighed and moved closer to Clay, feeling the boy wrap his arms around him quickly.

George waited a moment before answering, "I just had this certain outlook on how you interacted

with people. Your status makes you seem untouchable, and I just didn't like that. But I shouldn't have based my opinion on that, I should have waited until I got to know you." Clay nodded gently.

"You know, you are kind of untouchable in a way to," Clay began. George's eyebrows furrowed at the statement, he looked up at Clay in confusion.

"How is that even possible?" George found himself asking.

Clay inhaled deeply, "I think just because you are super impressive. Everyone knows your name too, just not for the same reasons. You could easily write something or say something, and everyone would believe you because of your reputation and the power you hold within the school." Clay took a second before continuing, glancing down at George as he spoke.

"I think that's why I haven't talked to you before. Everyone has this outlook on me, some positive, and some negative. And I had a feeling yours was negative, so I didn't want you to not like me then manage to mess up my own reputation. Because that's how much power you hold." George was going to respond, but Clay kept going.

"I've had my eye on you for a while, and I know Nick felt the same with Karl. Your intelligence is so attractive, and the authority you hold with the school is so interesting to see. Because it's not common with students."

George looked up at Clay with a small pout, "I would never ruin anyone's reputation like that, no matter what I thought of them." Clay laughed, George, feeling the movement as he laid closer to Clay.

"I know, George. But you could if you wanted to, and that is more than enough." The blond responded. George nodded thoughtfully, not ever seeing it that way.

"Did you ever think you were going to end up asking me out?" George asked pulling a blanket over the two of them, gazing up at the bright stars. Clay instantly nodded which made George laugh.

"Trust me, I would have convinced you sooner or later. I just wanted a chance." Clay sounded confident in his answer, and it made George soft.

Clay looked up at the sky and the grin started to slowly fall as he concentrated on the balls of gas above them. "You see that? Right there to the left?" Clay asked quietly, pointing up in the direction he was looking at.

George followed his direction and squinted, "What am I supposed to be seeing?" The brunette asked gently.

Clay's chest rumbled with another laugh, "That is the Big Dipper, but if you look around it, there are more stars that combine to make the constellation Ursa Major." George focused and soon enough he saw the stars connecting in his mind.

"Isn't there like an Ursa Minor too? With the Little Dipper?" George asked as he looked around.

Clay nodded, "Yeah, I can't see it as clearly, but it's right next to it." Clay said. Both of them were whispering, acting as if they were to break the moment if they raised their voices. "Those two are Drista's favorite. Every time, we look for those two first. She just finds them fascinating, the meaning behind them is interesting to her." Clay whispered.

"What is the meaning behind them?" George asked, his eyes still locked on the constellations.

“Well, Ursa Major is supposed to show the shape of a bear. Ursa Major means the ‘Great Bear’, or the ‘Larger Bear.’ There are a bunch of different myths and stories about it, but the main one is that it’s connected to the Greek astronomer Ptolemy in the second century. It is also seen to be associated with Callisto, who was a nymph in Greek Mythology, she was turned into a bear by Zeus’ jealous wife Hera.”

“Why was she turned into a bear?” George didn’t really need to know, but he wanted to hear Clay talk about it.

“There was a Greek Goddess named Artemis, Callisto had sworn a vow of chastity to Artemis. Zeus ended up seeing Callisto and fell in love, and the two of them had a son named Arcas. Artemis had banished the nymph, but Hera wanted to punish Callisto as well. There’s so much more to that story, but that’s the part that matters.”

“You seem to know a lot about Greek Mythology,” George noted quietly.

Clay grinned down at him, “Drista loves it, so I learned about it so I could understand what she was talking about.” George felt his heart soften at the comment.

“Does Ursa Minor have an interesting story like that?” George asked. Clay nodded, trying to remember the story before talking. His voice was like honey to George he could fall asleep to the sound.

“So we know about Callisto and how she was turned into a bear. I also brought up the son she and Zeus had together, Arcas. One day, Callisto was in the forest in bear form, and her son had come across her. He didn’t know about his mom being turned into a bear, so he readied his spear to kill the bear. But Zeus saw and quickly acted on impulse. He sent a whirlwind that scooped up both Arcas and Callisto and brought them up to the heavens. Where they became Ursa Major and Ursa Minor. That’s why they are close together.” Clay explained to George.

“You sound so cute when you ramble like that,” George had told Clay, causing both of their cheeks to light up in a deep blush.

They spent the rest of their night talking about anything and everything. School, family, future plans, what they liked and what they disliked, etc. They wanted to know everything about each other and the conversation followed in the car and on the way home. It didn’t end until Clay and George were standing on George’s front doorstep, basking under the soft light that resonated from George’s porch light.

“Did I woo you?” Clay asked, stepping toward George.

George couldn’t help the grin that crosses his face, “I think you did. I applaud you.” George joked, feeling light around Clay. Clay looked like he was thinking about something and before George could ask, Clay started speaking first.

“I normally wouldn’t ask to kiss you on the first date. But can I please kiss you?” Clay asked, his voice cracking slightly. George’s cheeks lit up at the question. And before he could say no, he nodded gently. Clay instantly cupped George’s cheek in one of his hands, tilting George’s face up toward him.

They were close, so close that George could feel Clay’s breath fanning across his lips. George watched as Clay took yet another step closer, closing the space between them. George never knew what his first kiss would entail. What if he messed it up? What if he was just plain bad? But all of those worries that would keep him up at night flooded out of his system as Clay’s lips moved

against his own. The kiss was slow and gentle, but there was still some passion in it, pouring from both of them. It was like they were trying to send each other messages in an intimate connection. Clay wrapped his arms around George, George doing the same, wanting Clay to be as close as possible. George didn't feel any fireworks like some people claimed they felt.

All he felt was comfort, he felt a warm sensation travel up and down his body as he tilted his head to ease back into the kiss once they had separated for a breather. It felt like home, like this was exactly where George was supposed to be.

Clay was the first to pull away, his forehead resting on George's as they both caught their breath. "Do you think I would be able to do that again sometime?" The taller boy asked, laughing softly.

George found himself grinning, "Maybe on the second date."

Clay's eyes twinkled at the comment, "I'll hold you to that, Davidson," Clay said softly. He kissed George's head, "Thank you for letting me take you out. I'll text you when I get home."

George nodded, his head feeling light and his heart warm. "Please do," He had responded. They separated and George watched as Clay started walking to his car. George called Clay's name, making the blond boy turn around. George grinned widely at him, the fondness clear in his eyes.

"You definitely wooed me."

Clay let out a happy laugh, "Thank goodness, goodnight Georgie"

George waved, "Goodnight Clay." George waited until Clay was down the street before walking into his own home. He knew he was supposed to talk with Karl about their dates, but he was too exhausted for that. He fell into his bed, waiting for his phone to light up, which it did within ten minutes.

Clay

i'm home safe, i will see you soon george, thank you for allowing me to woo you

George

thank you for wooing me, see you soon clay

George fell asleep with the grin still plastered on his face.

Chapter End Notes

drink some water and stay healthy! thank you for reading, you beautiful human <3

@/saddnapp on twitter

“Okay listen, I’m not as boring as you think!”

Chapter Summary

George goes to a party with Karl and Alex.

Chapter Notes

songs for this chapter:

"IDK You Yet" by Alexander 23

"Grey" by Why Don't We

we have to get the sad parts out of the way early, so i'm sorry :) i'm really bad at writing angst, but i tried my best. thank you for all of the love so far, i really appreciate it!!!! only a couple more chapters left! The time jumps around a lot, so be careful. and i didn't edit this because i like to live on the dark side. I'll notice the mistakes when i reread it later!

@/saddnap on twitter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Everyone normally has an idea of their first relationship, or whatever is close to it. You dream of having your first boyfriend or girlfriend. The sweet kisses in the hallways, the holding hands, walking each other to class, everyone staring and wishing they had your place. After George and Clay's date, that's exactly what happened. All of the little things George had imagined before falling asleep came true. Clay and Nick would meet George and Karl at George's locker. Along with Sam and Alex whenever they didn't have a debate meeting before school. George was unbelievably happy and so was Karl.

Clay would give George longing stares in the classes they shared, and George would often stay after school to watch Clay practice (mainly because Karl wanted to be there, but they agreed it was for the both of them.) George swore he was falling in love even more as the days passed. His story was coming along great, finally finding the inspiration to write about it. Despite all of the coupley acts, they still weren't official. George didn't want to push because he knew that they were both nervous. But he wasn't dumb. That was the last thing George was. He saw when Clay started distancing himself. He wouldn't look at him in class, instead, just stare at his desk with a weird look on his face. Every time George asked to hang out, he would say he was busy or just not reply in general.

George of course talked about this with Karl, who talked to Nick. But Nick said he didn't know anything about it, and that he would talk to Clay with Sam. George never got a clear answer. The feeling of dread started to settle in George's stomach, he knew this was too good to be true. He wasn't one that got wrapped up in things easily, but Clay had completely infatuated him, and he knew that at one point, he was going to regret letting his walls down.

“Okay, how are we looking so far? You should have finished the first draft of your articles and

turned it into me! Is anyone not finished or need more time?" George asked as he sat at the podium in the front of the room like he always did.

No matter what was going wrong in his life, he knew that his staff would always be a constant. Something that would never change, and he was grateful for that. When no one said anything he grinned softly.

"Perfect! Then let's try and get our final drafts done! Let me know if you have any questions or need help"

George got up and moved to his table with Alex and Karl who were working intensely on their own articles. Alex looked up, a small grin on his face. He knew George was a little upset, so he kept trying to get him to laugh. Which George appreciated greatly.

"So," Alex started, making George and Karl look up expectantly. "There is a party tonight, and I think we should go."

George's eyes widened, "Why do you think that?" George asked.

Alex laughed, "So we can live a little! It's our senior year and we haven't gone to any good parties. Now is the time."

Karl shrugged, "He's kind of right, George." George looked over at Karl to see his serious expression. "If anything, you could use the distraction. I'll even be the designated driver so you can get drunk."

George laughed. Maybe going to a party wasn't such a bad idea. Karl was right, George did need the distraction. With their final deadline coming up on their articles and the finals coming up in their other classes. And Clay. He could use a fun night with his friends. So he told his best friends that he would be down to go to the party, which then caused everyone in the room to start teasing George.

"Okay listen, I'm not as boring as you think! What the hell is wrong with you guys?"

"Hey! Language!"

What was George supposed to wear to a party? He's been to a couple throughout his high school career, but he always ends up leaving within the first hour. Karl and George agreed that George would be the DD, since he didn't like the drink in the first place. And somehow, Alex convinced Wilbur and Niki to come as well and to bring some of their friends. George knew that Wilbur just wanted to drink, and Niki would be there to watch him while she hung out with George's fellow senior classmate, Minx.

Was a sweater okay? Or would that be too hot? He decided that he would rather be safe than sorry and wear a sweater. His normal get-up with baggy cuffed jeans and his normal sneakers. He knew there was a chance that Clay would be there, so he chose a nice striped sweater that Clay had told him that he liked on George. Normal necklaces were put on and he was ready to go pick up his waiting friends. He rode in silence because he knew this would be the last moment of quiet he would get for the night. He started with Karl, watching as he climbed into the passenger seat, a grin set on his face.

George would never admit it to his friends, but he was jealous of Karl. Not in a malicious way, but just enough to know it's there. He and Nick have gone on a couple more dates and were completely smitten with each other. Don't get him wrong, he was insanely happy for the two. He knew they

would be good for each other, but he found himself wishing for that same treatment from Clay. What did Karl have that George didn't?

Karl complimented George's outfit choice, which George gave in return. They had the same sense in style, so the collared shirts with sweaters was a common similarity between the two.

"Are you going to be okay tonight?" Karl asked as George backed out of the driveway.

George glanced over at him and shrugged, "I guess we will see," he said.

Karl grimaced, "You know you can talk to us right?" Karl said quietly. George looked over and gave his best friend an encouraging grin.

"Of course, I know that. Maybe later when I've accepted it." Karl didn't say anything just plugged his phone into the aux. George requested a song which Karl quickly played. Anything to make him feel better. "Grey" by Why Don't We started playing and Karl instantly looked over at George with a disapproving look.

"Sad songs are not going to get you anywhere mister!" Karl called to him, causing George to let out a giggle.

"You have no room to talk, 'Mr. IDK You Yet'" George responded.

Karl let out a laugh, "Okay, okay, no need to call me out like that!" Karl's laugh was infectious so it caused George to laugh. Which was something he needed.

Once Alex was in the car, it felt like all hell broke loose. Karl and Alex instantly switched the song to upbeat songs and started belting the lyrics. They serenaded George causing him to laugh so hard he was close to tears. The party was at a football player's house. George didn't know Luke personally, but he knew that he was a good guy. He threw a lot of parties, but never drank too much. He always made sure everyone was okay before having fun of his own. He and Sam were good friends, so the parties were a popular event for the high schoolers.

The streets were lined with cars once George pulled up. He somehow managed to find a good spot closer to the house and parked. George looked over at Karl and Alex who were practically bursting with excitement and rolled his eyes. It was like taking care of two kids. The three of them quickly got out of the car, George locking it behind him. He walked behind Karl and Alex, watching as they looked back every once in a while to make sure he was still following behind. They walked in and George was instantly met with the smell of alcohol and sweat. His face scrunched in disgust as he maneuvered through the crowd. They spotted Luke next to the alcohol, so Alex and Karl went to get a drink while George simply waited for him. Luke noticed him after pouring two glasses for the two boys.

"You don't want anything George?" Luke asked, offered George a comforting smile.

George couldn't help but return it, "No thank you, I have to drive these two home tonight."

Luke laughed and nodded, "Respect, let me know if you need anything," he then walked off and joined Sam who was drinking with Nick in a corner. Nick looked up and his eyes fell on George.

If George was here, so was Karl.

Nick instantly pulled himself away from the wall and made his way over to the friend group, his eyes finally laying on Karl. George watched as the two made eye contact, eyes filling with admiration as they greeted each other with a light kiss. George quickly looked away, not wanting to

feel any resentment toward the two. Alex looked over at him and noticed the look. He smiled sadly and took George's arm, dragging him to another area.

"Just let yourself have fun, okay? Tonight you aren't shy George. You are Editor in Chief George, confident George who can take on the world if asked. Okay? Okay." Alex said, placing his hands on George's shoulders. He shook his shoulders with every word, making George laugh.

"Whatever you say, Alex." George giggled making Alex laugh as well.

Alex handed George his drink, "Just a little baby sip, so you can act like you have something in your system. Like a placebo effect."

George sighed and took the cup, allowing himself to drink the smallest bit before handing it back to his friend. Alex looked up and saw Wilbur talking with Niki and Minx. Alex gave him a small smile before moving over to the trio, ready to wreak havoc.

George stayed by myself most of the time, watching and keeping an eye on his friends. He wanted to be the confident version of himself that his friends saw. But that just wasn't the case. He watched as Nick and Karl interacted, their eyes full of love as they danced together, drinking God knows what. Alex as he danced with Minx, wide smiles adorning both of their faces as Niki and Wilbur watched and laughed. Niki noticed George looking and gave him a wide smile, which George returned, pairing it with a wave.

It wasn't long before George started to feel a little uncomfortable, just standing there. So he decided to venture around. He has been to Luke's house before, so he had a brief idea of where everything was.

Or at least he thought he did. Some people say that there are moments in your life when you feel like it only lasts a couple of seconds, rather than the time it actually took. George had never experienced anything like that before. George meant to go to the bathroom to take a breather, but instead, he walked into a bedroom.

It was never a surprise when you found two people making out in a bedroom or on a couch at a party. If anything it's expected. But it's normally not someone you have been talking to for a while. Clay was shirtless, on top of a girl. Her arms were around him, digging into his shoulders as they devoured each other. Clay was the only one who heard the door open. He and George made eye contact for a brief second before George smiled sadly and turned on his heel, closing the door behind him. He could hear Clay yelling his name as he walked off. And as the seconds passed, his pace grew quicker and the dread started to settle in his stomach. The feeling becoming a constant reminder of what he witnessed. He shouldn't be upset. They weren't even dating. Although it felt like they were.

Clay tried so hard to get George to go out with him, was it all just a game? Probably. He began sprinting, pushing past people, feeling the tears well in his eyes. He passed by his friends, hearing them also call for him. But he just kept going until he was outside. He saw his car, it was so close, yet so far. He couldn't leave. Karl and Alex. He needed to be here to take them home, to look after them.

"George, please!" Clay called, busting out of the front door. In that moment, all of George's sadness disappeared and it was quickly replaced by anger. George spun around, glaring harshly at the taller boy. His hair was a mess and his lips were bruised from the harsh activity he was participating in previously.

"What the hell do you want from me?" George seethed, watching as Clay's eyes widened. George

looked past Clay and saw his friends at the door, worried expressions adorning their faces. He looked back at Clay who had managed to take a step toward him.

George quickly stepped back, holding his hands up. "I should have known, Clay. You are exactly the same person I thought you were." George has never spoken to anyone with this amount of venom present. And it surprised him and his friends who were watching carefully.

Clay reached out for George, but George instantly stumbled. "Don't touch me. Never touch me again." George could barely hear himself talk, his ears were ringing. George couldn't read Clay's expression. Maybe sadness? Regret? George didn't care.

"George, I am so sorry. Please let me explain myself," Clay practically begged. George swore he saw tears brimming in Clay's eyes, but he forced himself not to react.

George looked up at Clay, "Please never speak to me again," George forced out.

He watched Clay's expression crumble, George ignored it. George looked back at his friends who were already looking at him. He made eye contact with Nick who seemed to understand what George was saying. Nick nodded, *I'll make sure they get home safe*. George felt a little bit of tension release from his shoulders but he looked back at Clay.

"You tried so hard to go out with me. Then you basically ghost me, you're a shit person Clay. I knew it from the beginning." George felt his anger bubbling back up as he looked at Clay.

"George, please." George looked away quickly.

George felt tears start forming in his eyes so he quickly turned around, pulling his keys out of his pocket to unlock his car.

"So what, you're just going to set a bad example for your staff and never finish the article?" Clay called after him. George was waiting for that. He was waiting for Clay to get angry, just as he expected he would. George turned briefly and saw Wilbur and Niki also standing next to his friends. Everyone was watching in shock.

"I knew you were a shitty leader," Clay snapped. George met the taller boy's eyes, hate clear in his expression. Clay's expression faltered a little bit as he saw George's expression.

"Fuck you, Clay."

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading! stay healthy and drink some water please! comments and kudos are greatly appreciated! @/saddnapp on twitter

"I want to meet him soon."

Chapter Summary

George talks with his mom and gets in his head a little too much.

Chapter Notes

hi there! thank you for all of the love on this, it motivates me so much and i really appreciate every single one of you! this chapter is SUPER short! the shortest chapter i've written because it's hard to write long chapters when clay isn't involved. so it's just a little filler chapter, the real one will probably be up tomorrow (hopefully), enjoy!! also i didn't edit before posting, as usual. I'll catch the mistakes later <3

@/saddnapp on da twitter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George never really knew what heartbreak felt like. He shouldn't even feel heartbroken. He and Clay weren't even together officially, he has no reason to be upset over this. After he left Luke's, he drove to his house and sat in his driveway. He has never cried over a boy before, but all of the pent up emotions he has been feeling let themselves out, without George's permission. His phone had been blowing up as he walked into his house that night, but he didn't bother to check it. That wasn't his first priority. His first priority was getting to his bed, aiming to forget all that had happened. Once he was in bed and about to fall asleep, he decided to check his phone. He had multiple messages from his friends, from Nick, from Sam, and from Clay.

Karl

hey man, at least let me know you're okay? i'll be over tomorrow morning, sleep well, i love you
please text one of us back, we need to make sure you got home safely
george, please

Alex

george !!! please text us back, we're worried. clay left but we made sure he wasn't going to your place
i understand that your upset, but you're really worrying us

Nick

hey george, alex and karl are with me. sam is going to drive us all home, wanna make sure you're safe. let us know, your friends are worried

Sam

your friends are home safe george, i hope knowing that makes you feel better. clay is dumb as hell, but the two of you are meant to be together, don't make up your mind just yet. Let yourself talk to him, but not without him realizing his mistakes. goodnight george, hope you're doing okay

Clay <3

please let me explain

georgie please, i was drunk

i don't know what i was thinking, please let me explain myself

are you okay? did you get home safe?

this is my fault, i'm so sorry baby

George didn't want to respond to anyone, but he didn't want them to freak out for the rest of the night. He texted Karl back, telling him he was fine before turning his phone completely off and turning on his side. He stared at his wall, he couldn't see anything due to it being pitch black. But he didn't care, he felt empty. He knew this was just a little bump in the road, but he couldn't help but focus on every little inconvenience. He forced himself to fall asleep, trying his best to keep himself from thinking about Clay.

George didn't do anything on Sunday, he stayed in bed, responding to messages whenever he felt like he needed to. He told his friends that he didn't want to see anyone, which they both respected. They agreed that they would just see each other at school on Monday. George mainly just spent his day in bed. His mom had checked in once before she left.

His door creaked open, making him look over at the door, taking a break from the bright phone in his hands. He felt a small smiling spreading on his face as his eyes settled on his mom. She gave him the warmest smile he had ever seen, making warmth swarm through his body. He walked over and sat on the edge of his bed, cocking her head at him.

"Karl called me," Were her first words. George closed his eyes briefly before looking back at her.

"Yeah? What did he tell you?" George found himself asking. His mom sighed and laid down next to him, getting under the comforter with him.

"He just told me that something happened at the party last night. Do you want to talk about it?" Her voice was gentle, something he needed.

His mom was always a comforting source for George. Even though she wasn't home often, when she was, she always made sure to spend some time with him. She recognized his hesitation and

reassured him, getting comfortable on her side. Maybe it would help, talking to her and getting it out of my system. She doesn't know about Clay, let alone that they were talking.

"I was assigned this story on a popular guy at my school. Clay Elliot," George started.

His mom nodded thoughtfully, "His mom is super nice," She commented. George looked over at her with a raised eyebrow.

She smiled guiltily, "Sorry, continue."

"I interviewed him, and it went super well. He is super popular, so it's like he walks a red carpet everywhere he goes. And he was determined to change my opinion of him, so during the interview, it did change my opinion a little bit. Then somehow he convinced me to go on a date with him. He was so great mom," He turned to face his mom, seeing the sympathetic look in her eyes. "Like it was one of the best nights of my life. The whole time he was so nice and thoughtful, and it made me actually want to try things with him, despite everything I said. And it was good for a couple of days, at school and everything. We fell asleep on the phone often, then he started ignoring me and such. And last night, I found him with a girl at the party."

"He told me I was a shitty leader, which he knew was my biggest fear with the kids," George said. His mom winced at the comment.

"I didn't even know you went on a date," His mom said softly.

George nodded, "You were busy, and I wasn't planning on it being a recurring thing."

His mom sighed and turned to lay on her back, "Did you say anything in return last night? Have you talked to him since?" She asked gently.

He sighed, "I literally told him, "fuck you Clay" last night after he told me I was a shitty leader. And he texted me after but I haven't responded." George told his mom.

He opened his phone and pulled up the texts from Clay, giving his phone to his mom. He watched as she read the messages carefully, her expression softening. She handed him his phone and sat up, looking back at him. "Are you going to talk to him?" She asked softly.

He looked up at her, feeling his throat starting to tighten. He shrugged, not trusting his voice. His mom noticed his new expression and she smiled down at him sadly. "Everything is going to work itself out, okay?" She said, raising an eyebrow at him.

He looked at her, still not trusting his voice. He watched as she got up, rubbing her shirt to prevent wrinkles from forming. She walked over to his door and looked back at him once more as she leaned in the doorway. "I want to meet him soon. Let me know if you make plans later." He didn't say anything in response, just watched her walk out and close the door behind her.

He loved his mom, don't get him wrong. It was just annoying when she was always right. She somehow always knew the correct answer, she always knew what to say. She somehow knew what George didn't, as if she could read him like a book. Which she probably could. He looked over at his phone to see more messages from Clay.

Clay

please talk to me, i miss hearing your voice

i was so drunk, everything is really hitting me now

can i come see you?

George wanted to see Clay, that's what upset him the most. No matter how hurt he was, he still wanted to see Clay. To hear his laugh, see his smile, just be with him. And he hated that. He knew his mom was right, there was going to be a moment when George would finally forgive him. Was the moment going to be soon? He didn't know that yet.

George turned over in his bed, watching his phone light up with a call from Clay. George felt his heart break as he watched it ring, and ring, and ring. George was tempted to answer it. He wanted to run back to Clay, to tell him sorry for being so disappointing, that Clay had to resort to some random girl at a party. That was one of George's flaws, he somehow made these types of things his fault. Even though it wasn't even close to his fault. He somehow managed to place the blame on himself. George probably did something to make Clay act the way he did. There was no other possibility in George's mind. And that was one of the problems.

He looked over at his phone to see the call go to voicemail, watching as the phone dimmed after no use, then light up again with the voicemail notification. He couldn't help but open the notification, watching as his screen filled with the transcriptions of Clay's voicemail.

Hey George, I know you don't want to talk to me, and if I were in your shoes, I wouldn't want to talk to me either. I just really want to see you, to apologize and explain myself. I know there's nothing that I can say that would make you trust me again. But I want you to know how much I regret it, and how much I've been punishing myself for it. I really want to see you, God, I really want to see you. I really want to be with you, please let me see you. George please. I'm so sorry.

George turned his phone off and turned over, forcing himself to go to sleep with tears in his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading <3 comments and kudos are appreciated, and drink some water!

"Just let me prove myself."

Chapter Summary

George goes to school, and Clay and George talk finally.

Chapter Notes

hi everyone! another chapter to make up for the last one! this one is longer than the other one, so i hope that makes up for the short chapter yesterday! the love i have gotten has been so great and i really appreciate every single kudo and comment, and even if you don't do those, i still appreciate you! we're one kudo away from 300 right now and that blows my mind. (edit: we just hit 300 omfg)

i promise that it's going to take a second for george to fully trust clay again because we can't just jump back into how it was before, ya know? but yeah! thank you again and enjoy! i will catch the typos laterrrrr, don't worry :) grammarly got me <3

@/saddnapp on twitter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Mondays were never George's favorite, even before all of this stuff happened between him and Clay. Karl and Alex called him Sunday night, waking him up from his nap and filling him in on their days, refusing to talk about anything that involved Clay. Karl talked about his date due to George's request. No matter how jealous he was of his best friend's relationship, George was still insanely happy for the two. And Nick was a great guy, he got along with all of them super well. Karl told his best friends about all of the sweet things Nick had done for him, and how they hung out at Nick's place after and watched movies. After a while the three of them decided to play some Minecraft, hoping to distract George. George didn't play often, he mainly just worked on codes in his free time, but it's always fun when the three of them are playing together.

They all hopped into a discord call to make it easier and decided to start a new world together. It wasn't long until Nick joined, fitting in with them easily. George had to admit, Nick was funny as hell. His dynamic matched the rest of them well, and George couldn't help but think about Clay and how he would fit in as well.

George had fallen asleep that night with a smile on his face. He loved his friends, and he was very thankful for them. But despite him having a decent day with his friends, he knew he was going to dread school. And it came quicker than he would have hoped.

George walked into his school with his head held high. He needed to fake it till he made it. He followed his normal routine, ignoring the glances he got in the hallways. He saw Karl and Alex leaning on his locker as he walked up. He grinned at them, seeing them finally notice him. They both moved away and let George into his locker. They had already talked about what they were going to do if they saw Clay. But they didn't think it was actually going to happen.

George grabbed all of the necessary stuff from his locker, glancing down the hallway, his eyes locking on the man himself. He was where he normally was, with Sam and Nick. They were talking about something but Clay wasn't as involved as he normally was. George could tell simply by looking at him. He seemed to be a mess, his hair was messy and unkempt, his eyes seemed to be red.

Clay looked up and his eyes met George's. George gulped and held his gaze, not wanting to be the first one to back down. He watched Nick and Sam look in his direction, sympathetic looks crossing their expression. Clay made the movement to start walking toward George. He moved a couple of steps before George shook his head. Clay stopped in his tracks, his eyes widening slightly. George was the first to look away.

George's classes dragged by, his newspaper period starting shortly. When he walked into his newspaper class, Wilbur and Niki were the only ones in there. When they saw him they gave him comforting smiles. Niki got up and walked over to him, wrapping him in one of her signature hugs.

"You aren't a shitty leader," She whispered to him.

George's chest tightened at her words and he hugged her tightly for a second before letting go. He looked down at her and smiled, thanking her for her kind words. He watched as she walked back to where Wilbur was sitting. He gave George a look that said the same thing. George gave him a nod and set his things down in his usual spot. He watched as the kids slowly found their way into the classroom, including Alex and Karl. Once everyone was ready and the bell had rung. He simply got everyone's attention.

"Okay guys, you know what you're supposed to be doing," George said, trying to keep his voice confident. "Just make sure you get your articles done by the deadline. Work on what you need to and use your time wisely."

Everyone nodded and did as he said. George opened his computer and winced as his drafted article popped up. He had already uploaded a picture of Clay, and he was looking straight at it. He had chosen one of his favorites, right after Clay had scored a touchdown. You could see his bright smile even through his helmet. He was running to hug Nick, and George had managed to catch the moment perfectly. George quickly tabbed out and looked at Karl, who was already looking at him.

"You don't have to finish it, you know. You can just work on the print and the website," Karl said softly, not wanting to disrupt anyone in the room. "We all understand."

George nodded and tabbed back into the document seeing his introduction on the screen. There was a moment where he was super inspired to work on the article and had gotten some stuff written down. But now, he didn't feel anything like that. George looked up and caught Bad's eye. Watching as he directed his eyes to the door and stood up. George sighed and stood up too, knowing Bad wanted to speak with him privately. Everyone watched as the two walked out of the classroom, closing the door behind them. Bad looked down at George and raised an eyebrow, waiting for George to say something.

"Clay and I went on a date, then he ghosted me, and I found him with some girl at a party."

George's words were quick and small, but Bad still understood them. Bad nodded sadly and held his arms out. George wasn't one that liked hugs normally, but now he needed them. George quickly let himself be wrapped up in Bad's arms. He was super thankful for Bad, the two have been close ever since George was a freshman. He was like another father figure for George, and this hug was much needed. Bad hugged him for at least a minute before pulling away.

“You are going to be just fine, okay?” Bad told George gently. “You don’t need to finish this article, just like Karl said.”

George nodded, “I’ll think about it, thank you. I needed that.” Bad smiled and nodded.

“Niki is giving you a run for your money though, her hugs are pretty comforting.”

“Oh be quiet George!”

George sat back down and watched as Bad did the same, opening the book he had been reading earlier. George sighed and looked back at his article, being his attention was pulled away by his phone going off.

Clay

can i come to see you?

i’ll be quick, please

George looked away from his phone for a second, catching the worried expressions of his friends. “It’s Clay,” He mouthed to his friends. They nodded, probably already knowing that answer. George looked back and typed out a response. His first response to Clay since Friday night.

George

please don’t

He set his phone to the side and instead of working on his article, he decided to work on the website. He built the website a long time ago, and he still changes it every once in a while to make himself happy. He finds little mistakes and fixes them instantly, trying to come up with new stuff to include in it. It kept him busy. He watched as his staff members typed away at their computers with inspiration George wished he could have. He just wanted to go home and sleep, in the comfort of his own home. He was going to invite his friends over tonight to hang out, but Karl is going to be with Nick, and Alex has some family thing. And George’s parents weren’t going to be home tonight. So he was going to be alone, again. Like always.

George drove home by himself that day, Karl and Alex going with Nick since it was on the way. George was fine with that, if anything he needed the silence. When he walked into his house, the silence was deafening. He made his way into the kitchen to see a note from his mom. He smiled sadly and picked it up.

hi georgie! you know the drill, there are leftovers in the fridge or a twenty on the counter, i’ll see you soon. love you!

-love mom <3

He set the paper down and walked up to his bedroom, turning his computer on. He pulled up his editing software for the print and began to work on that with music playing softly in the

background. He worked for as long as he could, before he felt his eyes beginning to grow tired. He saved his work and stood up, keeping the music playing. He was about to go lay in bed but he heard someone knock on the door downstairs. George felt his heart drop at the sound, pausing his music briefly.

He walked downstairs carefully and looked out the window shyly. His chest tightened when he saw the familiar car next to his own. George sighed, better they talked now instead of later. So George could get it over with. George pulled the door open to see the man himself standing on his porch.

Somehow, Clay looked worse. It was obvious he hasn't slept recently, and his hair was still a mess from running his hands through it. George gulped and made eye contact with the taller boy.

"Clay," George breathed out.

He felt like he couldn't breathe as Clay stood in front of him. Clay looked at him and gave him a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"Can I come in?" Clay asked, his voice raspy.

George hated how much he missed Clay's voice, his touch, his presence. George nodded, stepping aside to give Clay space to walk in. Clay walked in and the two walked to George's living room in silence. George was practically choking on the tension as he sat down on the couch, one leg under the other. Clay sat down on the other side of the couch and smiled sadly at the brunette.

"Why?" George spoke first, startling them both.

Clay sighed, "I practiced what I was going to say on my way here," His voice was low, full of regret.

"I know I shouldn't say that I was drunk, because although I was, that is not an excuse," Clay started.

George gulped and kept his eyes on Clay, not wanting to seem weak in front of the person that hurt him so deeply. He should be yelling at Clay, forcing him to talk faster so George could finally have an answer. Maybe he shouldn't have let Clay in at all, maybe he should leave. Maybe George would forgive him.

"She came onto me and I wasn't thinking straight," Clay began again.

"That's obvious Clay, but that doesn't explain why you ignored me and continued with her, knowing I was at that party," George snapped, causing Clay to wince and nod.

"I was scared George," Clay whispered.

George's eyes widened. Scared of what? Being in a relationship? Or was it being in a relationship with a guy?

"You are one of the best people I've ever met, and I was so scared of messing up, that I did it without even trying. You know how much you mean to me, George. I fucked up, and I know that. I shouldn't have ignored you, I shouldn't have kissed that girl back, I shouldn't have yelled at you."

George was brought back to that night when Clay had snapped and asked if George was going to be a bad example for the staff. When Clay called him a shitty leader, how he had known he was a shitty leader. That was George's biggest fear, letting the kids down. Not being a good role model

for them. And Clay knew that.

George sighed and put his head in his hand, "Finding you with that girl hurt, but you saying that I was a bad leader hurt more. You know how much that means to me, did you mean it?" George felt his voice break as he asked the question.

Clay's eyes shot up to meet George's. The blond moved closer, taking George's hands in his own. "I shouldn't have said that, I was trying to get you to stay, to argue with me because I didn't want you to leave." Clay was practically begging George to understand, but George couldn't wrap his head around it. "You are an amazing leader, George. You shouldn't let my words cause you to doubt that." Clay said, squeezing George's hands.

He felt tears brimming in his eyes and he looked away, blinking rapidly to get them to go away. He could feel his throat tightening. He was so weak, why was he about to cry? He forced the feeling back and met Clay's eyes.

"Please, talk to me. I'm so sorry George. Let me make it up to you." Clay's tone was desperate, his voice wet.

George gulped and looked at the boy in front of me, "What if I get hurt again?" George's voice officially broke, it made him sound vulnerable, but he needed to show Clay that he was hurt.

Clay quickly shook his head, "I will never hurt you like I did George, I will promise you that."

George stood up causing Clay to quickly follow suit. "What are you scared of?" George summoned the last bit of confidence he had. Clay's eyes flickered with someone George couldn't read.

"I was scared of hurting you, I told you that," Clay said softly. George shook his head, anger bubbling up in the pit of his stomach.

"Don't lie, Clay. Why are you really scared? What are you not telling me?" George forced, taking a step toward Clay. Clay wouldn't meet his eyes and George knew he had struck something.

"Tell me, Clay," George demanded, his head starting to hurt from holding his tears back.

Clay shook his head, "No, George--"

"Clay, tell me right now or I swear--"

"Because I'm falling in love with you!" Clay called out, clearly shocking them both. George's eyes widened and his stomach flipped. Clay visibly gulped and finally met George's eyes.

"I've never liked a guy as much as I like you. And it scares me. I can see myself with you for a long time. And I know we haven't known each other for that long but I knew that once we were together for a while, I would be absolutely smitten for you.," Clay rambled out, his cheeks growing red as he spoke. "That's what scared me."

George felt the breath leave him as he watched Clay. He didn't know what to say. He didn't want to confess that George had felt the same way. Sure George was scared too, but he would have never gone to the extent that Clay did.

"Just let me take you out again, and we can talk everything out. And I can work to earn your trust again," Clay begged, taking steps toward George. "I promise, you can trust me. I know what I want now, I want you, just let me prove it."

George looked up at Clay and saw the sincerity sparkling in his eyes. “I was scared of messing up,” Clay spoke once George didn’t respond. “I’ve never experienced this before, and I let myself get lost in my head and I ended up doing what I told myself I would never do. I Just want to be able to make it up to you.”

George swallowed and looked up at him again. All George wanted to do was kiss Clay and forgive him. To tell him that everything was going to be okay with them, that they were okay. He wanted to give himself to Clay and to move past this. He wanted those moments with Clay, the romance movie moments. He wanted Clay to meet his parents. His dad would love to talk about football with Clay, and his mom would probably want Clay to help her in the kitchen since they both like to cook. He wanted those moments with Clay, he could see himself having those moments with him. He wanted to give Clay the chance to make it up to him. He wanted him. And this was a bump in the road that they needed to get past.

“I really like you, Clay, despite how much I was against it in the beginning. But I won’t be able to go through anything like this again with you, I don’t want to get hurt again.” George felt like he was repeating himself over and over again, but that was his main concern.

Clay nodded, “Trust me, I understand completely, I can promise you, nothing like this will ever happen again. Just let me prove myself.”

George sighed, “You have one more chance Clay, but it’s not going to go back to how it was immediately, you need to gain my trust again, and the trust of my family and friends.” George said, dead serious.

Clay nodded quickly, “I won’t give up until I do that. I will promise you that. Can I take you out again one night soon? I had our second date planned, and I still want to take you out to do that,” Clay asked carefully, not wanting to overstep or cross any boundaries.

George nodded, “Yeah, that sounds nice. Just text me and let me know when, but I think you need to go now.” George said walking toward the door. Clay nodded and followed him until they stood outside on the porch where they shared their first kiss.

Clay looked down at him and gave him a reassuring nod, “Thank you for giving me another chance. I’ll text you when I get home.” He told George,

George nodded, his heart feeling heavy, his eyes tired. “Please do.”

George got into bed after Clay left and let himself cry, he let out the tears he had been holding in since Clay walked through his door. He cried for Clay, he cried for himself, and he cried for the universe because that’s what caused this to happen. He fell asleep, but not before reading Clay’s message.

Clay

i just got home, i’m going to take you out wednesday night, we’re going to watch the sunset. and before you say anything, i know you’re colorblind, just trust me

anyone notice the small parallel to chapter six? no? okay :) drink some water and eat something if you're hungry! comments and kudos are appreciated, as always. let me know what you think so far!

@/saddnapp on twitter <3

"It's a great color on you."

Chapter Summary

George spends some time by himself before going to watch the sunset with Clay.

Chapter Notes

happy valentine's day everyone! here is an extra-long chapter for today. thank you again for all of the love and i hope you guys enjoy it! i'm not too proud of this, but it'll do.

@/saddnapp on twitter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George never really thought about this being his life. This guy that he had never spoken to before a couple of weeks ago, wanted him so badly, that he practically begged for forgiveness. This is the kind of stuff you see in romance movies or books. George was kind of mad at himself, he gave into Clay super quickly, but George literally couldn't help it. Clay was something George didn't want to miss out on. He felt like this was his one chance, and was not willing to give it up. George dreamt about Clay that night, that's what Clay reminded him of. A simple dream, something that he never thought would happen. Even growing up, he would often see Clay in the hallways, but he never thought that one day, he would kiss the lips he thought of before he fell asleep one night.

He wanted to kiss Clay again, he missed the feeling he experienced when the two kissed for the first time. He wanted to experience that comforting feeling again, the feeling that made his toes curl. George had woken up the next morning with two messages from the man himself.

Clay

good morning georgie, you have the day to yourself, i'll come to get you tonight at six, unless you wanna hang out before

wait no, despite how much i wanna spend the whole day with you, you need time away from me. six it is, see you soon handsome

George didn't really know what to do with himself, he normally has something to do all of the time, but now he didn't. He walked around his room, looking around and trying to find something to occupy himself. He walked over to his computer and powered it on, as well as turning on his phone so he could reply to Clay. His computer turned on and his simple blue desktop background lit up the room. He opened up his web browser and soon found himself pulling up the article he hasn't touched in a while. The headline stared back at him, the picture just below it. His favorite

picture of Clay, except for the ones that were a little too good to share.

CLAY ELLIOT BREAKS THE NORM: A FEATURE

George brought his hands to his keyboard, feeling himself begin to type. He didn't have much motivation, but he had enough to get something down. George has been writing for as long as he could remember. It ranged from crappy poetry to short stories that inspired him to continue writing as he grew up. He never really wanted to be involved in newspaper, but Bad had practically begged him after seeing his work in the prerequisite for newspaper. George couldn't have said no to the man, and now here he was, in charge of one of his school's biggest organizations. Writing was his safe place, he could sit down and type on his keyboard for hours, encasing all of his emotions into the little words on the computer screen. He could always insert himself into his characters to try and get some type of relief in his own life.

When he started writing articles for the newspaper, it was more of a chore in the beginning. His editors when he first started were amazing, and they always hyped him up when he needed it and believed in him when he couldn't believe in himself. When they graduated, it felt like they had taken a part of George with him. But George quickly found his place with Karl and Alex and he had finally found his people. The ones who were always going to be there, the ones he was always going to be there for. His people, he had finally found them. And he felt like he found the missing piece to his puzzle when he met Clay, and when they all met Nick and Sam. The three of them fit in perfectly.

Nick and Sam had given George their interview answers a couple of days ago, so George pulled those up in a separate tab on his computer. The answers had been great. Good answers made the writing process easy. They were also long and detailed which George wasn't really expecting. He had the document organized neatly, his name next to the question he asked, and their name next to the answer they gave.

George: What inspires you about Clay? If he inspires you at all.

Nick: He always knows the right thing to say and do. No matter the situation, he finds a solution. He is also the hardest working person I've ever met, he takes on so much at school and at home, it's inspiring when he still finds time to hang out with his friends and family. I have always looked up to Clay, for as long as I could remember. His good nature, positive personality, and sense of humor is so inviting. I aspire to be like him one day.

George: What is one thing you are thankful for when Clay is involved?

Sam: I am and will always be thankful for Clay, when we were kids and he took me under his wing whenever I moved to town. I didn't know anyone at the time, but Clay and Nick were there to show me around, to make me feel like I belonged. I will always be thankful for that moment, and I will never forget it. I tell him often how thankful I am for our friendship, I don't know where I would be without him and Nick. I'm super thankful for the friendship we have built over the past decade, I wouldn't give it up for the world.

There were many more great answers that only furthered George's motivation to write this story. George let himself get lost as he wrote the article he had been dreading to write before. Writing an

article like this is always difficult, you don't want to get any information wrong, but you also don't want to miss anything important. George only got through a couple of sentences before he had to stop himself. This wasn't his best work, he needed this to be his best work. Every piece he writes needs to be his best work. He held himself to a high standard when it came to the articles he wrote. He needed to set a good example for his staff, and for the future staff members that join after he graduates.

George didn't have a plan for when he graduated, he knew where he wanted to go, but he wasn't picky. He would go wherever there was a high-end newspaper program. As long as he was happy with the school, that's all he cared about.

George picks up his phone and decides to text Clay back, wanting to start any type of conversation. Alex and Karl were busy all day working on some project for one of their courses, so he didn't want to text them when they really needed to get that project done. His message to Clay was simple.

George

hi clay

The response is immediate, and it made George smile.

Clay

hi george, how are you?

George

i'm okay, just bored

Clay

what are you working on?

George

i'm trying to work on the newspaper, but i just keep staring at the document

Clay

i get that :(why don't you do something that might benefit you or make you happy

George

yeah, maybe i should try that

Clay

i'll leave you to it, i'll come to get you at six, it'll be a great night

George had decided to take Clay's advice and do something for himself for once. He wrote something for himself, a creative writing piece that wasn't meant for anything but himself. He did this until he felt the need to force himself to stop. He needed to get ready for his date? His date with Clay.

He knew he was going to watch the sunset tonight, so he wanted to be somewhat comfortable. He had about twenty minutes before Clay would be here to pick George up, so he needed to hurry. He decided on a pair of grey sweats, rolled up a bit so you could see his Air Force Ones. He wore a navy blue sweater with a black collar underneath and his hair was a little messier than he intended, but he didn't bother fixing it. He saved the work he had done on his computer and turned it off, and by the time he was finished with everything. Clay was at his doorstep.

George met him outside his front door, and George's heart practically melted at the sight of him. Clay was basically wearing the same thing as George, but black sweats and a white sweater. His hair was a mess from running his hands through it due to being nervous. He smiled down at George, his anxiety showing.

"Are you ready to go?" Clay asked gently.

George nodded and watched as Clay held his hand out, George quickly taking it and feeling the blond squeeze his hand in reassurance. Clay walked the brunette to his car and opened the door for him before climbing in himself. They didn't talk much, just simple touches in the car. Clay left his hands on George the entire drive, whether that be on his leg or his thigh, or just simply holding his hand. George didn't exactly know where they were going, but he didn't mind not knowing. Which was a rare occurrence for him.

"We're going to the beach, there's a secluded area that I wanna take you to," Clay seemed to have been reading his thoughts.

"Wouldn't we get sand everywhere?" George asked, his voice is small but still audible.

Clay looked over at him, concern not so well hidden in his expression. "I have blankets in the back of my car."

By the time Clay pulled into some make-shift parking lot, the sun was beginning to set. The two of them quickly got out and grabbed the blankets from the backseat. Clay took George's hand once again and let them to a small little hidden area on the beach.

The two of them laid out the blankets and got settled on them, sitting rather closely. George saw something in Clay's pocket but chose not to say anything as he attempted to move closer to him.

"Why are we watching the sunset?" George asked quietly.

He looked out and noticed that some of the supposedly bright colors were duller to him in person. This wasn't a new sight for him, given his colorblindness wasn't a new thing. He could see the yellow, and some hint of the orange, but he knew that what he was seeing wasn't the real color.

"I wanted to explain the colors to you, all of them, and then I have a surprise for you." Clay's words were soft but full of love. George looked over at him with his eyes wide, "Explain them to me?"

Clay nodded and began to talk, George letting him do what he wanted to do.

"Red is the color of anger. Think of something spicy, or hot. It's something hot in temperature. It could mean confusion or fear as well. It means love. It's like the feeling I felt when I spoke to you for the first time. It's the color of when you placed your hand over my heart for the first time. It is the color that comes to the surface when your fingertips trail like a sentence that could never be erased. Red is the color of your cheeks whenever you're embarrassed or blushing. It's a great color on you."

George felt his heart stutter as he listened to Clay's words carefully, drinking each syllable in as his words drifted smoothly like honey. His heart began to warm as he listened to clay move on to the next color.

"I don't know how much you can see of each color, so we're going to go through them all. Orange is a hot color, it's bright. It's close to the color red. It's the color of the sun or an orange. It's like eating an orange. Very juicy and tart. It's like tasting something that makes your toes curl."

"Yellow is the actual color of the sun. It's bright, the color of a banana. Yellow is the warm sun while a cool breeze blows on your face. Yellow is exciting without being loud or angry. It is a warm, soft color, like a baby chick, or the warmth of sunlight in springtime streaming through a window warming up a patch on the carpet."

George could fall asleep to the sound of Clay's voice. The blond pulled him close as he moved on to the next color. George has never had anyone do this for him, and it was so sweet it almost pained George. George eyes the sunset in front of him as the colors came to life in his mind.

"Green is a whisper of the summer breeze through the treetops. It's the cold kiss of dew-laden grass on bare skin, the smell of a freshly mowed lawn in the spring. Green is a bruise several days into healing. Green is greedy, like American money. Green is envious, trying to hide the brown spots on hazel eyes. Green tinged with yellow, a rare sky after a spring storm. Green tinged with blue, overgrown monocots swaying on a hillside in Kentucky. In Ohio flatlands, rows of corn under a vast sky. Tart green, the taste of a Granny Smith apple. It's the color of my eyes."

The red and green descriptions were the most vivid, and George knew that Clay did that on purpose. It made him smile at the sweet action.

"Blue is like a pleasant, slow song. It's the color of the ocean or water. It's peace and calmness. It's a sad color, the color you use when you draw tears on a person. Think of the cold stinging sensation of ice. A brief breeze during summer that you wish it could have gone the whole day. The feeling that engulfs you when you are sad. The crack of lightning during a storm."

Blue was George's favorite color and the color he could see the most clearly. But he didn't mind hearing Clay's take on the color.

"Purple. It's a type of color between hot and cool, red and blue. It gives a feeling as though it is between the heat of fire and the coldness of ice. If it were a smell, it would smell like burning wood that's floating on top of the ocean. In music, it would be a soft, but strong melody. A melody that takes you to another place, but does not have to be loud to do so. In terms of smell, it would be like smelling a passionate cologne that's more calm and cool than romantic. Purple is beautiful, it is my favorite color. You can feel the 'wonder' emit from the color purple."

Clay was explaining the colors with such detail, it was clear that Clay had thought about this before. He wanted to kiss Clay in that second.

"Pink is the soft pillow you felt as a baby or the soothing voice of your mother. You could also describe pink using the sense of taste, such as bubble gum flavored ice cream. Pink is the way you feel when you love someone. Pink is the way you feel when you touch a flower in April. Pink is the way a lollipop tastes on the tip of your tongue. Pink is a softer version of red. It's a comforting color, like a warm hug."

When Clay stopped, it prompted George to look up at him in confusion. He watched as Clay dipped his hand into his pocket, pulling out the small case he had seen earlier. The name on the case made his eyes widen.

"Clay Elliot, you did not," George gasped, sitting up completely.

Clay grinned, "I so did. I bought them after the football game."

George watched in awe as Clay pulled the Enchroma glasses out of its case, handing them to George. George took them and gulped nervously. He has always wanted to get himself a pair of these, but he never felt the need. But now, he felt like this was as good of a time as any. Clay noticed George's hesitation and set his hand on George's now crossed legs.

"You don't have to put them on, I just wanted to give you the opportunity."

George looked at Clay in the eyes, noticing the yellow tint. This was his chance to see Clay's eyes, the real color of his eyes. He looked back down at the glasses and lifted them up to his face before he had the chance to really think about it.

The first thing he noticed was how bright the world became, how the colors seemed to come to life before him. The second thing was Clay's eyes. They were a soft green color, but they had specks of gold and brown hidden behind the irises. George practically melted at the sight.

"I brought you here to look at the sunset, not at me you weirdo," George could hear the smile in Clay's voice.

"Your eyes are much more interesting." Clay's cheeks lit up at George's statement, and George could actually see the redness Clay had described to him previously.

"Red is a great color on you too."

George turned his attention to the sunset, a gasp leaving his lips as his eyes studied the bright colors as they started falling below the horizon. George felt the warmth Clay had described trace through his body. He felt Clay rest his hands on George, trying to reassure him that this was real, that it wasn't a dream.

George looked back at Clay and before he could rethink it, he connected his lips with Clay's. He could feel Clay's hesitation, but with a simple squeeze of George's hand, Clay melted into the kiss. Clay's hand reached up to take the obstructing glasses off for a quick second before returning to

the sugary sweet kiss. George's hands were fisted in Clay's sweater, and Clay had one of his hands cupping George's jaw with a tender touch.

The kiss started sweet and simple, expressing their emotions, but then the emotions started to take over. George could tell that Clay was sorry, that he regretted everything he had done, that he wanted to be with George. Clay's other hand rested on George's leg, squeezing every so often to keep the brunette on his toes. George felt that familiar feeling start to spread from the top of his head to the tips of his toes, his toes curling in the process. The feeling of home and comfort was spreading through George's body like a ray of warm sunlight. He never wanted this feeling to end. He wanted to experience this feeling for the rest of his life. And no matter how long it took to completely trust Clay again, it would be worth it.

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading! comments and kudos are always appreciated, but not necessary.
remember that just because this chapter was sweet, they aren't back to normal yet.
these things take time :)

ALSO TO EVERYONE WHO KNEW ABOUT THE COLORBLIND GLASSES NO
YOU DIDN'T :D

@/saddnapp on twitter !!!!! <3

"You know I'd never leave you."

Chapter Summary

Homecoming night and the boys meet each other's parents.

Chapter Notes

this story is sadly coming to an end. i really want to start a new one, and i only have the attention span to write one at a time. the love i have gotten is unreal and there will be a real thank you message in the last chapter. this is a little longer as well, so yay.

i have decided to include smut in this fic, but it will be the last chapter. you won't need to read it because it isn't needed to finish the story. i might forget or decide not to, but i guess we will see. i will have a warning before the chapter starts and in the chapter title. so if you are not comfortable with things like that, you do not have to read it!

anyways, onto the chapter! @/saddnapp on twitter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George held his camera in front of his face as he tried his best to capture the heartwarming moment he was seeing in front of him. Clay's letterman jacket was wrapped tightly around him as he watched Clay walk down the field with his mother. It's been a couple of weeks since Clay took George to watch the sunset, and they have been slowly working on their relationship. After the two finished their sweet little moment, George actually put the Enchroma glasses on and took the colors in until the sun went down. Clay had taken him home that night and kissed him gently once more before letting him finally go to sleep.

After that night, Clay worked hard to get George to trust him again. It was the little moments from Clay like they had experienced in the beginning. Clay would walk him to class and they would always meet up before and after school if Clay didn't have practice. George was experiencing everything he had dreamt of as a younger boy. The perfect boy, the perfect friends, the perfect life. George and Clay have gone on many dates, but they have yet to meet each other's parents. And that was happening tonight.

Tonight was Oakwood High's homecoming. And Clay, of course, was nominated for homecoming king.

"Clay Elliot being walked by his mother, Elena Elliot. Clay is the quarterback of the football team, captain of the baseball team, he participates in the student council and volunteers with the school often. He will be going to the University of Florida with a full ride to play football. He will be majoring in Computer Science and minor in English. He hopes to work in software development. His advice to students at Oakwood is to always be yourself, and go after what you want. You miss all of the opportunities you don't take."

George blushed as he heard the message Clay had shared with the crowd and continued to take

pictures as the mother and son walked down the field. Clay was still in his football uniform, one of George's favorite looks on Clay. Clay shot the brightest smile at George, and nudged his mom, looking back in the direction of George. Elena looked over and grinned widely at George again, making his heart warm. He hasn't completely met Elena yet, but he was going to be meeting her tonight. Saying he was nervous was a big understatement. She was the most important person in Clay's life, and he wanted to make a good impression. The duo walked to stand in their spot and George got a couple more pictures, then moved onto the next pair. Karl was on the other side of the field, taking pictures of the homecoming queen hopefuls. Alex was in the stands taking pictures of the student section and audience. It was hard for George to take his eyes off of his boyfriend, but he managed and focused on the job he was here for.

Once all of the names were announced, they all waited nervously for the names to be announced. George was never into this kind of thing, but of course, he came to support Clay. And he used taking pictures for the paper as an excuse to get on the field. George eyed Clay as he stood with his mother. Clay was a lot taller than his mom, his blond hair different from her brunette hair. Despite the different colors of hair, the two still had a lot of similarities. They had the same smile and kind eyes. They both had freckles littering the tops of their cheeks, the freckles George adored immensely.

George was brought back to the real world as the announcer started talking. "Okay! Our homecoming king and queen are," Everyone waited anxiously. George and Karl quickly met in the middle of the field, looking up Alex. They all made eye contact and Alex nodded, *don't worry, i'll get pictures of your boy*. "Clay Elliot and Sarah Anderson! Congratulations!"

George instantly started whooping in pride as he jumped up and down. Karl noticed that George was cheering his boyfriend on, so he started getting pictures of Clay as he walked up toward the middle of the field. George grinned widely as he watched the crown being placed on his boyfriend's head, and the sash is placed over his shoulders.

Clay looked around before his eyes settled on George. Clay's grin seemed to brighten and he winked at George, making the brunette blush deeply. George pulled the letterman tighter around his, making Clay's expression softly. No one really knew about their relationship, not for sure at least. But everyone basically had their own ideas, just waiting for a confirmation of it being true. They placed the crown and sash on the homecoming queen and everyone cheered for the pair. They stood together and George watched as Sarah looked up at Clay with an admiring gaze. George felt his heart warm as Clay just simply smiled at her, his gaze focusing back on George. The two photographers snapped the necessary pictures and watched as the two split to go say hi to their friends. Clay kissed his mother's head, and took her hand, walking them both toward George. The halftime show was just starting which gave Clay a couple of minutes before he had to start playing again.

Karl gave George a pat on the shoulder giving him a look that said good luck. George smiled softly at his best friend and watched as he walked over to his own boyfriend. Nick waited with open arms, attacking Karl is a comforting hug. Karl and Nick have been going strong ever since their first date, and George was insanely happy for them.

George turned his attention back to the approaching Elliot's, a kind grin staying on his face.

"Hi, Ms. Elliot. You probably know, but I'm George Davidson." Elena smiled brightly at George and shook his hand quickly.

"I've heard a lot about you. It's a pleasure," Elena says. Her voice was smooth and soft, just like her son.

“The pleasure is all mine,” George looked up at Clay who smiled down at him. Clay leaned over to give him a quick kiss.

George grinned up at him, “You should go, bubba.”

Clay groaned but nods. “Wait for me?”

George nodded quickly. “You know I’d never leave you.”

Elena and George watched as Clay rushes off, pulling Nick along with him. George looked back at Elena and watched her expression soften. “Want to come sit with me? We have reserved seating away from everyone.” George wanted to get to know Elena, to make a good impression. Elena nodded and George led her up into the audience and up into the reserved seating section.

George finds his seat and tells Elena that she can sit in Karl’s reserved seat. She smiled graciously and took her seat. George took his own and smiled nervously at her.

“I’m sorry it took us so long to meet, I wanted to make sure we were both serious before we met each other’s parents,” George informed Elena.

She smiled at him, “That’s okay George. I knew someone was making Clay very happy, and I’m happy to see it’s you. Your mother is extremely nice,” George found himself laughing and agreeing with her.

“She is, she thinks the same of you.” There was a moment of silence, it wasn’t uncomfortable or anything. But he wanted to promise Elena that he was in it for the long run. So he did just that.

“I want to tell you that I’m serious about Clay, it shocks me how much actually,” George said the last part mainly to himself.

The smile on Elena’s face never leaves, and she gives him a reassuring look. “I can tell George. He feels the same as you. He told me what happened at the beginning of your relationship. And I want to apologize once more on behalf of him. But I’m happy the two of you worked things out.”

George nodded, “It’s okay, we worked mostly everything out, but there are always more things we could work on. But I am willing to work on them with him.”

Elena sighs and slouches in her seat, “I’m very happy for you, George.”

George grins softly at her, “That means the world, thank you.”

The two sat in silence and watched as the halftime show slowly ended, the boys all running back out. George spotted Alex and Karl on the field and he couldn’t help the pride that filled his chest. He pointed his friends out to Elena and told her who they were and that Nick and Karl were together.

“Oh my goodness, that makes me so happy. Nick is such a great kid, I’m happy he has Karl.” George agreed quickly, “They have been together since they met, they are great together.”

They watch every touchdown that Clay makes, how he looks out for them every once in a while. He spots them the second time, and George could practically feel the love resonating from him as he saw his boyfriend and mother sitting together. Elena and George talk every once in a while. George learned that Elena was on the Oakwood Gazette staff when she was in high school, so he filled her in on what has changed. She listens eagerly.

“It’s so crazy how you two found each other, it’s like a romance movie,” Elena comments as the game nears an end.

George nodded, “Trust me, it feels like I’m in one.”

Once the game ends, George leads Elena down to the same place he met Clay the night he had asked him out on a date. Karl and Alex meet them both there, and they quickly introduce themselves to Elena, with who she eagerly talks with.

The four of them wait for the players to come out from celebrating their win for the night. It didn’t take too long for Nick, Clay, and Sam to join them. Nick and Sam whooped at the sight of Elena which made her laugh gleefully. The two hugged her quickly and stepped aside for Clay to hug her. Nick walks over to Karl and kisses him gently, their love pouring from them. Sam and Alex are messing around, as usual, wide smiles adorning their faces. George looked over and saw Clay and Elena talking, looking over at him gently.

George realizes at this moment, this is what he wants for the rest of his life. He wants to see Sam and Alex joking around years in the future. He wants to watch Karl and Nick’s relationship continue to flourish as time progresses. He wants to see his boyfriend and his mom interact daily. He wants to see the love in his eyes while he looks at his mom. George wanted this, and he wouldn’t give up until he was sure it was going to happen.

George walks to clay and feels him wrap an arm around his waist. The letterman pressing against Clay’s side softly. Clay kissed the top of George’s head and looked at his mom. “We’re going to his place so I can meet his parents. Is that okay?” Elena immediately nods.

“Of course! You two, just let me know what your plans are. It’s been a pleasure spending the night with you, George.” Elena directs her words toward George now. George’s heart warms and he pulls away from Clay momentarily. He wraps Elena in a hug she quickly returned.

“Thank you for approving of us. It was a pleasure meeting you. We need to do it again sometime,” George says as he pulls away. Elena agrees and hugs her son once more.

“Text me what your plans are, okay?” Elena narrows her eyes playfully at her son. He grins and nods, “Yes ma’am.”

George and Clay wrap their arms around each other and watch as Elena says goodbye to everyone else. She grins once more at George before quickly leaving due to the chilly winds. They don’t start moving until they know she has left. Once she leaves, Clay instantly turns George around and presses their lips together. George feels himself start to melt in Clay’s arms as they kiss passionately. Everything around them seems to disappear as they kiss, and the feeling still makes George’s toes curl.

When the two separate, they say goodbye to their friends and they leave the stadium, still wrapped together. When they reach Clay’s car, Clay makes his normal routine to open the car door for George. George looks up at Clay with a foggy gaze in his eyes as he climbs in. Clay closes the door and goes to get in himself. He connects their lips the moment he gets in. George smiles into the kiss and their teeth clash momentarily. George didn’t care, he just started giggling, which caused Clay to start giggling. They end up pulling away after a second and Clay starts to drive toward George’s house.

“What did you two talk about up there?” Clay asked, taking George’s hand and resting it on the gearshift in the middle of them.

George sighs and leaned his head back on the headrest. “Everything, mainly about us and the newspaper. She’s amazing.”

Clay nods quickly, “She is, I’m so happy you two met. She’s been so excited to meet you,” Clay informs George. George blushes and kisses the back of Clay’s hand. It didn’t take them long to reach George’s house, and when they do, Clay parks behind George’s car. Clay kisses George once more, and George can feel the nervousness Clay is feeling.

George smiles and pulls away, “Don’t be nervous bubs. They are excited to meet you. They are great people.”

Clay takes a deep breath and nods, turning the car off quickly. The two of them get out of the car and Clay voices that he wishes he could’ve changed out of his uniform. At least he doesn’t smell anymore.

George unlocked the front door, his hand encased in Clay’s. The moment the two walk in, George’s mom grins widely as she greets them. “Georgie! This must be Clay!” The smile on his mom’s face is blinding. George can practically feel the nervousness begin to ooze from Clay.

He grins at George’s mom and shakes her hand quickly. “It’s great to meet you, Mrs. Davidson.”

She lets out a happy sigh, “Please, it’s Amanda.”

She takes in that Clay is wearing his uniform and her expression becomes motherly. “George, take him upstairs and get some of your clothes that are too big. You should have some sweats and a hoodie for him to wear. I want him as comfortable as possible.” George nods instantly and takes Clay’s hand.

The two walk upstairs, Clay following closely behind George. George opens the door to his room and Clay starts cooing.

“Oh my gosh, I’m in George Davidson’s room.” George lets out a hearty laugh at Clay’s dumb comment. He doesn’t reply. He goes through his drawers and simple enough, there was a pair of sweats and a green hoodie with some weird smiley face on it. He pulls them out and hands them to Clay.

“The bathroom is there,” George points to a door connected to his room, and Clay nods. He kisses George once more before going to change. George sits on the edge of his bed and he thinks for a moment. This is really his life. This boy is about to meet his parents, the first boy to ever meet his parents. He knew that Clay was going to be the only one to meet his parents. There wasn’t anyone else for George. Clay was it for him.

It doesn’t take long for Clay to emerge from the bathroom. He looks cute in sweats, he looks cute in everything. The hoodie and sweats fit him well, and he catches George staring quickly. A smirk lights up his face as he walks up to George.

“You are such an idiot,” George laughs as Clay cups his face.

He places a gentle kiss on George’s lips and George will never get over the feeling. “We should go back down there, I need to make a good impression on your dad too.”

George knew that Clay’s father left him and Drista when Drista was a baby. Drista didn’t know anything different, but George knew that Clay missed him. George was hoping his dad would take Clay in and be that fatherly figure for him.

The two walked downstairs and into the kitchen where George's dad was setting the table for dessert. It was late since it was after the football game, so George's parents decided to set up a small dessert buffet instead of dinner. George's dad instantly straightens when he spots Clay, a comforting smile resting on his face.

"Clay Elliot sir," Clay says and holds his hand out.

George's dad shakes it strongly, the smile not leaving his face. "It's Ryan to you. I pretty much know everything about you from what George has said."

George instantly glares at his dad causing both his boyfriend and his dad to laugh. "It's great to meet you, sir, I hope everything has been positive."

His dad gives Clay a look which both boys understand immediately. *Don't hurt him again.* Clay's cheeks light up and he quickly nods. "Never again."

The four of them sit down and Clay and his dad immediately get into a conversation about the game Clay had just won with his team. Meanwhile, George and his mom talk about the upcoming print George was about to put out for the newspaper. At the mention of the newspaper, Clay looks over at George and smiles widely before returning to his conversation.

Clay was extremely thankful for the newspaper, it was what brought George and Clay together, Clay has been waiting for George to finish the article that brought them together. Apparently, Clay has decided it should be on the front page. And George hasn't told him, but he has a spot set aside for the article, and he can't wait to show him.

The time passes by quickly and by the time they finish, it's late. George's parents notice and they notice how tired the couple seems to be.

His mom smiles tiredly, "Clay you can stay here tonight, it's late. You two can stay in George's room and sleep in tomorrow." George's eyes widen, but the happy feeling erupts in his stomach. Clay smiles politely at them.

"Thank you so much. That means a lot," His parents nod and shoo them off. But not before they both say goodnight to Clay and express their approval. Clay is basically walking on cloud nine at this point. Clay quickly texts his mom to update him on their plans and puts his phone away, wanting to focus on George

They both reached George's room and George quickly grabbed some sweats. He sheds off the letterman that he forgot he had on and places it on his desk chair. He tells Clay to get comfortable and goes to the bathroom to change into some sweats and a t-shirt. On his way out, he grabs a big t-shirt from his drawer and hands it to clay.

"I know you don't like to sleep in sweatshirts," George said simply. He watched as Clay smiled gratefully. He quickly pulled his sweatshirt off which made George's breath hitch. Clay smirks as he pulls the black shirt over his head, "Not yet. We're just sleeping, you weirdo."

George scoffs and turns off the light before joining Clay in his bed. They have never slept in one of their own beds together. It was mainly on George's couch when his mom wasn't home, or at Karl's house in the guest bed when they were together. George let himself completely relax as he felt Clay wrap his arms around George. George was pulled close and soon he rested his head on Clay's chest. He listens to the soft sound of Clay's heartbeat and the rise and fall of his chest as he breathes deeply.

George lifted his head and kissed Clay's exposed neck gently, not being able to reach his lips. Clay chuckled and kissed the top of George's head. He lets out a deep breath that catches George's attention. He looked up and turned for a second, resting his hand on Clay's chest and looking up at him.

"You okay?" George asked worriedly.

Clay grins at him, still visible despite it being dark in the room.

"I'm just in love." George can help the wide grin that passes over his face. "I could say the same." Clay laughs.

"I love you, George," Clay says, becoming serious. This is the first time he has actually said it. The first time either of them has actually said it. Even though they have felt it since the first week they met.

George kisses the corner of Clay's mouth, "I love you too, bub. So incredibly much."

They fall asleep that night with soft smiles on their faces. George is pulled closer to Clay if that's even possible. They have never slept so well in their life.

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos are loved! stay safe and healthy pretty please!

“Just because I love you.”

Chapter Summary

Clay gets to see how George works and we get a little view from Clay's point of view.

Chapter Notes

another update! this is more of a filler chapter but it's still super sweet. i decided to get rid of the chapter count because i honestly don't know how long this story is going to be. but my next fanfic will be awesome, so whenever that happens, it'll be fun! we gained over fifty kudos and 1000 hits overnight and it's so exciting to witness. thank you so much! hope you enjoy this chapter!

@/saddnapp on twitter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“We’re back in business baby!” Alex said as he walked into the classroom. George felt like he couldn't roll his eyes anymore, based on how often he has been doing it lately. Karl walked in right after Alex and took his own spot next to his best friend. George sat at the podium and smiled at Bad, who gave him a large grin in return. Bad and George have spent a lot of time together recently, working on the recent issue of their paper. And they finally managed to finish it. They had everything but George’s front-page story that he was still working on. There are a couple of reasons as to why George hasn’t finished his article. One, he has been very busy with the print itself. Two, he has been putting his staff’s articles before his own. And three, he just hasn’t gotten the information right. He needed something else, but he didn’t exactly know what it was yet.

He watched as his staff slowly started to walk in and take their seats. They all pulled out their computers and waited for George to get started, but were still chatting amongst themselves. Once his last kid walked in, he got up to close the door, but before he could, someone else stepped in. He looked up and saw his wonderful boyfriend with a small smirk on his face.

“Clay Elliot, what are you doing?” George asked, raising an eyebrow.

Clay grinned and leaned down, kissing George’s lips gently. George felt himself completely relax under the small connection. God, he was so in love with this idiot. George pulled away and watched as Clay pushed past him and walked to the table where Alex and Karl were.

“Is it okay if I stay in here?” Clay asked, directing his question to Bad.

Bad nodded, “Of course, just don't distract George while he’s teaching.”

Clay saluted Bad and turned to Karl and Alex, his grin widening. Over the last couple of weeks, they have all grown exceptionally close. All six of them. Sam has been out of town the last couple of weeks and completing all of his work online, so it’s been a while since they have seen him. Alex and Karl started messing with Clay, and they soon stopped when they saw George looking at them.

George raised an eyebrow and Clay's eyes fell on him as well. He grinned, George being able to see the love in his eyes. The sight made George's heart soften.

Clay shut his mouth, making some of George's staff members stifle a laugh. George raised an eyebrow at him as well, and Clay only blew a kiss in response.

"Okay, I guess, Clay is going to hang out with us today. But today is a very important day, so pay attention please." Everyone instantly let their eyes direct on him and it made him smile. He looked at Clay every once in a while as he spoke.

"We are going to be brainstorming again this week," George started. "And I know you all have been working hard to get your articles good enough for the new issue, and I'm happy to tell you that the print is finally finished."

"Well we are waiting on George technically," Bad said from beside George. George looked over and glared causing the kids to laugh, including Clay.

George rolled his eyes and continued, "I will have mine done soon, in time to send it off to the printers. Alex will be going over it during class today," George eyes Alex as he spoke.

"Yes! I will definitely be doing that," Alex agreed too confidently.

George laughed, "He will go through and catch everything we didn't. This week we are going to be focusing on news articles and feature articles. We have gotten a little too comfortable with the basic column. And I know it's been hard to find something to write about, but this week we really need to dig deep."

George looked over at Clay and he wanted to kiss him at that moment. George could tell he was genuinely interested in what George was saying. He had his head in his hand and he hadn't taken his eyes off George since he started. Clay has never seen George actually teach and talk with his staff, so it was new for him. George tore his eyes away from his beautiful boyfriend and looked at his staff. He opened his computer and pulled up the log they used to track stories.

"Okay, let's get started. If you have an idea, shout it out." George watched as Karl's hand shot up first.

He raised an eyebrow at his friend and the boy blushed gently. "Yeah, Karl?"

"I want to write a feature article on Nick." George was waiting on that one. Karl has wanted to write the article ever since he met Nick, but he wanted to wait until they were completely serious. And they now were.

George nodded, "Of course, great idea." George wrote down his idea next to his name and moved on.

One by one his staff came up with ideas and George wrote them down and assigned them. Niki was writing about one of her classmates who won a scholarship for one of her art pieces. Tubbo and Tommy were going to be collaborating on an informative piece about the school and how they dealt with certain disasters or crises. George loved that idea and he knew they would work well together, considering they were best friends. Wilbur decided to write about the school's computer science program since they rarely got enough recognition. Clay grinned widely at that and nodded and Wilbur smiled in return.

George looked over at Alex who was the last one. Alex grinned sheepishly at him, "I don't think you're going to approve my idea," Alex started and glanced at Bad who nodded reassuringly.

“But, I’ve already gotten permission from Bad and the staff and Clay but he doesn’t count,” Alex laughed. Clay flipped him off and gestured for him to continue.

“I want to write an article featuring you,” Alex said.

George’s breath caught in his throat as he processed Alex’s words. He furrowed his eyebrows at him, then at Bad who gave an encouraging grin. “It’s a great idea, I’m surprised we haven’t done it sooner.”

George was suddenly brought back to the first day they had discussed the Clay article. Those are the exact words Bad had said when Alex suggested George be the one to write it. George gulped and looked at Clay.

“You deserve it,” Clay mouthed to him.

George sighed and looked back at Alex who looked nervous for once. “If that’s what you want to write, by all means.”

Karl, Alex, and Clay all whooped with excitement and high-fived each other, they have obviously been talking about this for a while. George laughed and rolled his eyes, getting up from his seat at the front of the room.

“You guys know the drill, go ahead and start working on your stuff. But today is a chill day besides that,” George said, grabbing his computer and walking to the table where his friends were sitting. He took a seat next to Clay and scooted his chair close. He set his head on the table, resting it on his folded arms. Clay instantly cooed and moved closer, wrapping his arms around the brunette. He rubbed George’s back and rested his head right next to George’s. George turned his head and looked at Clay who was already looking at him.

“Why did you decide to come in here?” George asked quietly, not wanting to disrupt anyone, even though he knew they wouldn’t care.

Clay shrugged, “I missed you, and I wanted to come to see you.” George blushed and leaned over, connecting their lips gently. George couldn’t properly kiss him due to Clay’s large grin, but seeing his grin meant more than the kiss.

“How about you stay with me tonight? You can finally meet Drista and I can take you to school in the morning,” Clay also spoke softly, picking up on the hard-workers in the room. George smiled at his consideration.

“I’d love that, but don’t get hurt when Drista likes me more than you,” Clay raised an eyebrow at George’s words, a taunting smile on his lips.

“I doubt that’ll happen, but you believe what you want to, anything that helps you sleep at night.” Clay kissed George’s nose and sat up, George following.

George looked at his computer and watched as Clay leaned over, typing on it for a second. Then the article George has been working on for way too long pops up. Clay looks at George expectantly. George laughs and pulls the computer closer to him before getting to work. Clay watches him as he types, completely fascinated by his boyfriend.

Clay would never truly forgive himself for his mistake at the beginning of their relationship. George tells him all of the time that he’s over it and he doesn’t think about it anymore, but Clay can’t believe that. If Clay were in George’s shoes, he would be thinking about it constantly. George quickly became one of the most important people in Clay’s life, and he wouldn’t want it

any other way. He was grateful for George, for many reasons. For just forgiving him and being with him happily, to introducing him to two new people with who he grew close with quickly. For getting close with Clay's friends just as quickly. Everything about George, Clay was grateful for, and he could never stop being grateful for him.

The fact that George was writing this article about him still made Clay smile. He knows that George wanted to make Clay proud with the article. And Clay always tells him that he's already proud of him, but he knows his words can only do so much. George needs to be proud of himself as well, not just Clay. Clay understood that and instead just supports his loving boyfriend to the best of his abilities.

George was going to be a constant in Clay's life like he already was. He fell in love with George the moment they spoke for the first time. When George had asked for a simple interview for the story he had been forced to write. The confidence George had been faking at the time made Clay's heart do somersaults, and as he got to know the boy, he fell even more in love. Clay swore every morning he found something new about George that made him even more infatuated.

Whether it be the constant good morning texts, his small but present freckles on the tops of his cheeks, the love he held for his staff and organization, the little hair that wouldn't stay down on his forehead, everything.

The blonde watched as one of the reporters called George's name. George instantly stood up and walked over to the pair, Tommy and Tubbo. George had talked about them before, how they were going to be taking over the newspaper staff once the seniors graduated. Clay watched as George took a seat next to the two young boys, giving them his full attention. He found himself smiling gently as he watched how George interacted with the two. He also noticed how Tubbo looked up to George, how he was hanging onto every word he was saying.

"They both look up to him, but mainly Tubbo," Clay heard one of his friends say. Clay looked over and saw Karl and Alex already looking at him.

Karl and Alex were amazing people, and he was thankful that he got the chance to meet them. They matched his personality well and when they were all together and in a comfortable spot, they would talk for hours. No matter what.

"Hmm?" Clay asked, glancing back at his boyfriend. George was listening intently to something Tubbo was saying, nodding every once in a while to show them that he was truly listening.

"The boys, they really look up to him, and Karl. Tubbo looks up to George and Tommy looks up to Karl," Alex told Clay, glancing at the trio.

Clay nodded, "Who looks up to you?" He asked quietly. Alex grinned softly, looking at Niki, the future copy editor. Clay grins and watches as Niki smiles brightly at something Wilbur is doing to make her laugh.

"Those two have been friends for the longest time, I swear Niki secretly hates him," Alex jokes making Karl snort.

"And there's no way it could be the other way around because Niki is an angel," Alex informs Clay.

"Or they could just be best friends. There doesn't have to be hate involved," Karl laughs making Clay laugh.

Alex looks over at Karl and raises an eyebrow, “Well, I hate you, so I think hate has to be involved somewhere.” Clay and Karl roll their eyes in sync making all three of them laugh.

“But seriously, everyone in here looks up to George, even us,” Alex said pointing at himself and Karl. “That’s why I’m writing this article about him. He has brought this organization to new heights, he deserves the recognition.”

Clay and Karl agree instantly and Clay looks back at George. A sense of pride fills his chest as he looks at his boyfriend. Drista has been begging to meet George for a while now, and Clay was happy it was finally happening. Drista had been giving Clay crap recently because their mom got to meet George early in their relationship. But he knows that George didn’t want to meet her until they were completely serious. He didn’t want to get close to her and then have them break up, and he hurt both himself and Drista.

Clay knew deep down that George wanted to be a person Drista could go to when she needed it because their dad left when she was younger. Sure Clay did his best to fill that role, but he knew that having George would be good for Drista. And they were basically the same person, so Clay knew they would get along easily.

George suddenly got up and returned the chair he was using to its spot. “You two are going to do great, just don’t overthink it and text me if you ever need help. You both have my number.” The two boys nodded and thanked George.

Clay watched helplessly as George walked back over to him, sitting down next to him. Clay grabbed his hand and tilted his chin to connect their lips briefly.

George blushed deeply, “What was that for?” He asked, sounding out of breath.

Clay grins, “Just because I love you.”

George giggles and goes back to his article and Clay watches as George concentrates. He has a certain expression that he pulls while working on newspaper, and Clay finds it endearing. Clay watches in silence, occasionally looking over and having a small conversation with Karl and Alex, but he mainly focuses on George. George bites his lips as his eyes scan the multiple interview answers he has gotten. When he finds a good segway, his eyes light up and he quickly copies and pastes the quote into the document he has pulled up.

George reached over and rested his hand on Clay’s cheek which caused Clay to quickly turn his head and kiss the palm of his hand. Hearing George’s giggles make Clay coo, which turns into a chain reaction of George blushing and his friends making fun of them. Clay sighed happily and continued to watch his boyfriend work, Clay being completely content with the silence. He couldn’t wait for George to meet Drista, he couldn’t wait for their future together. He couldn’t wait for tomorrow, because it’s a new day to experience alongside the love of his life. He was so excited.

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos appreciated! stay warm and healthy! much love to you! <3

@saddnapp on twitter! i'd love to talk with y'all!

“I’m glad you’re in our lives,”

Chapter Summary

George hangs out with his friends and spends his night with the Elliot family. Also a little Karlnap content.

Chapter Notes

hi everyone! sorry it's been a little bit, but here is a new chapter. we hit 500 kudos and over 7000 hits, and it's unreal. thank you so incredibly much. this chapter isn't great, but it's something. hope you enjoy! super excited to finish this up and start a new one! if there are typos, you didn't see them :D

@/saddnapp on twitter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clay spent the rest of the day with George basically, they somehow managed to evade all of their classes and just stay in Bad’s classroom. George continued to work on newspaper and Clay worked on an essay for one of his classes. They sat in the back, giggling and talking quietly. It didn’t take long for their day to pass, and sooner or later, George was sitting in his car with his friends. George was going to drive them all to his house, ask his mom if he could stay the night at Clay’s house, and pack for the night while hanging out with his friends. He would then take his friends home and meet Clay at his house once he’s done with his baseball practice.

The only thing George didn’t know was why the hell was Nick also in his backseat. George looked back at the couple with his eyebrows raised. Nick only grinned in response.

“Listen, Georgie, Clay is at practice, Sam isn’t in town. So I figured, why would I waste my time at home when I could waste my time with my boyfriend and his friends,” Nick said, his joking tone evident.

Alex and Karl gasped, faking hurt as they both looked at Nick. George rolled his eyes and watched as Karl punched Nick gently in the shoulder before kissing his cheek. Alex and George both looked at each other in fake disgust before cracking wide grins.

“I need Sam to come back, like now. I’m tired of fifth wheeling,” Alex complained huffing in the passenger seat.

George laughed, “He will be back soon, just be patient.”

George pulled out of the parking lot and started the journey to his house. His parents have met Nick and Sam before, so they wouldn’t have to go through that process again when Nick came over. It didn’t take long for George to reach his own house, and when he got there he noticed his mom was the only one home.

“Thank goodness it’s only your mom, your dad scares me,” Alex said as he climbed out of the car. George let out a laugh and watched as Nick helped Karl out. The two grinned at each other, waiting for a second as they closed the car door. Alex and George nodded at each other and walked into the house to give the couple some space before they came in.

Nick wrapped his arms around Karl, a soft grin on his face. Karl giggled and rested his head on Nick’s chest. Nick always made Karl nervous, it was common in their relationship. Karl and Nick have been together for as long as they’ve known each other, and they wouldn’t have it any other way. Karl slid his arms around Nick’s waist and pulled him close. Nick laughed and kissed the top of Karl’s head.

“You okay, baby?” Nick asked, humming against Karl’s hair.

Karl nodded and kissed Nick’s head, “I just really love you.” Nick let out a small hum of approval and pulled away briefly. Nick tilted Karl’s head up carefully and leaned down a bit to connect their lips. Every time they kissed Karl felt like he was floating. Nick’s lips were always careful with Karl in the beginning, but they always found their rhythm instantly. Nick’s hand was still on Karl’s chin and the touch made Karl’s skin tingle. The feeling of Nick’s lips on his own was something he would never get tired of.

Nick found himself smiling into the kiss, he loved being next to Karl. Whether that be them kissing, or just holding his hand. Karl was the one Nick was going to spend the rest of his life with, and he was sure of it. He pulled away from Karl and watched as Karl slowly opened his eyes, seeming as if he were coming back down to earth. Nick laughed and kissed his nose, between his eyes, and his forehead before pulling away.

“We need to go see Mrs. Davidson, Jacobs,” Nick said, taking Karl’s hand. Karl sighed and nodded, following Nick into the house.

George and Alex talked with George’s mom and waited for Karl and Nick. His mom raised an eyebrow at the two boys and George smiled sheepishly, “They needed a moment to themselves, they have been busy recently.”

They all spoke for a second then the two walked in with shy smiles adorning their faces. “Karl!” George’s mom said happily.

Karl smiled wide and hugged George’s mom happily. “It’s good to see you again, Mrs. Davidson,” Karl said as they pulled away.

“You know what I’m going to say, Karl.” The boys laughed as Karl nodded quickly.

“I know, thank you, Amanda,” He said quickly.

Nick stepped up and got his own Amanda hug before she made the motion to shoo them all off to finish her own project she was working on.

“Mom, I was wondering if I could stay at Clay’s tonight? I’m meeting his sister and he will take me to school in the morning.” Amanda looked over at her son, the two holding eye contact for a second. “Of course, just text me if you guys need anything.” George smiled gratefully and hugged his mom quickly. Now she actually shooed them away, which they listened to quickly.

The four boys all walked up to George’s room and George’s friends instantly took over his bed. Karl laid in the middle of Nick and Alex and they all watched George grab some stuff to shove into a bag. George put some clothes for the night and for tomorrow. He grabbed all of the necessities he

thought he would need and looked over at his friends.

George looked at Nick who stared in response, “Yes, George?” Nick asked laughing.

“Do you think Drista is going to like me?” George asked, causing Nick’s eyes to soften.

“Definitely, she has been so excited to meet you, it’ll be good. She teases Clay a lot, so if you just go along with it, she will adore you,” Nick promised sincerely.

George nodded and looked at his phone, a message from his lovely boyfriend waiting for him. Just a message saying that the practice didn’t last as long as he thought and he was about to be heading home. It wasn’t long before the boys were getting ready to leave, George’s overnight bag in hand. George dropped Alex off first since he was closest. And he then drove to Nick’s place where he dropped off the last of their friends. He watched fondly as Nick opened the door for Karl and the two walked to Nick’s front door, hands constantly touching. Nick reached over and poked Karl’s waist which caused him to let out a giggly shriek. George laughed and rolled his eyes lovingly before driving off toward Clay’s house.

When George got there, Clay’s car was already in the parking lot. The man himself was sitting on the porch stairs, a smile forming as he saw George pull up. George couldn’t help the bubbly feeling that filled his stomach as he turned his car off. He grabbed his bag and quickly got out, locking the car behind him. The moment Clay’s arms wrapped around him, all of his problems melted away. George rested his head on Clay’s chest, feeling Clay’s arm tighten.

“Hi, bubs,” George said quietly.

If Clay could hug him tighter, he would. “Hi Georgie, I missed you.”

George giggled and looked up, attaching their lips sweetly. Clay moved his arms so that he could hold George’s face in his hands. “I love you,” Clay said randomly.

George grinned and kissed Clay’s nose, “I love you more, we should head inside,” George said, not wanting to keep the family waiting.

Clay nodded and took George’s hand quickly. Clay led his boyfriend inside, seeing his mom and sister in the kitchen talking about something random. Probably Drista’s day at school, she always talked about her days when she got home.

Elena heard Clay close the door and George could see her poke her head over the awning in the kitchen. She smiled widely and rushed over to the two, wrapping George in her arms, completely ignoring her son. Clay stepped aside and watched as Drista found her way to them, raising an eyebrow at her. She smiled at him and waited patiently to meet George.

“It’s great to see you again, Mrs. Elliot,” George spoke to Elena as they pulled away from the hug. She gave him a knowing look but still smiled and stepped aside to hug her son. George let his eyes land on Drista and a warm feeling spread throughout his body. Drista was mature for her age, he could tell. But he could also tell she had a teasing and fun side that George hoped he would bring out. Clay pulled away from his mom and smiled at his sister.

“Drista, this is my boyfriend, George. George, this is Drista,” Clay watched as his sister and boyfriend interacted.

“Are you a hugger?” George asked, raising a playful eyebrow at the younger girl. She wasn’t much shorter than him, but it was still noticeable.

Drista let a wide grin across her face and she nodded, “Not normally, but I’ll make an exception for you.”

George laughed and pulled the sibling in his arms, wrapping her in his best hug ever. He instantly heard Clay scoff and Elena laugh. “She never lets me hug her, what the hell?” Clay said in disbelief.

George pulled away and grinned down at her, “Seriously, it’s great to meet you, Drista. I’ve heard a lot about you.”

Drista raised an eyebrow in response, “What kind of things?” She asked.

George shrugged, “I’ll tell you later and we can talk about it,” Drista nodded at this and Elena got their attention.

“I made an early dinner, Drista, can you go set the table?” Elena asked, eyeing her daughter. Drista nodded quickly and retreated to the kitchen.

Elena looked at the two boys with a sense of pride behind her eyes. “In a couple of weeks, like two weeks, I’m taking Drista downtown for the weekend. She has always been wanting to go, and wants to have a mommy-daughter weekend,” Clay raised an eyebrow at his mom as she continued.

She looked at them sheepishly before speaking again, “So, George,” She looked at George who instantly made eye contact with her. “You are more than welcome to stay over that weekend so you two can have the house to yourselves.”

Clay instantly cleared his throat and refused to make eye contact with his mom as he started planning the weekend in his head. George continued to listen, ignoring his boyfriend.

“You don’t have to, but I wanted to give you the okay, just in case you did. Or if you want to invite the boys over, you can do that as well- Clay are you listening to me?”

Clay instantly looked at his mom and nodded. George looked up at him in confusion before turning back to Elena.

“Thank you so much, I appreciate that. I will be sure to let you know what we decide.” Elena nodded and proceeded to give George her number just in case, while Clay just stood there with red cheeks. George punched Clay in the arm and followed Elena into the kitchen while Clay trudged along quietly.

George looked at Clay expectantly and watched as the taller boy walked over and kissed George’s head. George instantly blushed and took his seat at the table. Clay and Elena walked to the kitchen to start bringing everything to the table while George and Drista sat at the table.

“So George, British accent. Where did that come from?” Drista asked, setting her hands on the table. George directed his attention to the youngest Elliot sibling and blushed softly.

“I’m from England actually, I moved to Florida when I was twelve. The accent is hard to get rid of,” George informed Drista. She nodded thoughtfully and leaned forward on the table, looking at him with a determined expression.

He raised an eyebrow back at her. “Say ‘water’” Drista said simply. George let out a laugh and repeated the word back to her. She seemed satisfied with his pronunciation and let a giggly grin take over the previously determined look.

She glanced over at the kitchen area and saw her family talking quietly to each other. She looked back at George, “You aren’t going to hurt him right?” She asked quietly. George’s heart fluttered at the question.

He looked at her directly while responding, “I would never, I could never hurt him or your family.”

It seemed like Drista approved of his answer, and just in time because Clay and Elena walked in, bringing all of the food to the table. Apparently, Elena made her signature steak with a bunch of different sides. Clay took his seat next to George while Elena sat next to Drista.

“Are you staying over tonight?” Drista asked George. He could see a small glint of hopefulness in her eyes, and so could everyone else at the table. Clay instantly squeezed George’s hand under the table and Elena’s eyes crinkled with a small smile.

“If you want me to, I can,” George spoke carefully.

Drista nodded and took a bite of her food, “I want you to.”

“It’s settled then, if that’s okay with you, of course,” George directed the end of his statement toward Elena who instantly nodded. “I think we are all okay with it.”

Dinner went smoothly, Drista teasing her brother and George instantly going along with it. He told Drista about his time in England, the stuff he could remember and they all spoke about their days. Drista told George about a new project she had gotten assigned, that she wanted his help with. He, of course, agreed instantly, telling her he would be honored. After dinner, Elena had to go to her home office to work on something, so the Elliot siblings and George sat in the living room and played games.

George asked Drista about greek mythology, which made her eyes light up as she spoke about it. George listened to every word she said as he leaned back in Clay’s arms.

Clay watched two of the most important people in his life interact and he knew that he was going to be happy for the rest of this life. Drista loved George, and that took the biggest weight off of Clay’s shoulders. After a couple of hours of them all hanging out, Clay and George could see how tired Drista was getting. George smiled softly and looked up at Clay who nodded.

“You should get to bed, Dris’,” Clay said as George got up. She yawned and nodded, standing up. She looked at George and simply walked over and hugged him. George instantly wrapped his arms around her and the arms around her waist hugged a bit tighter.

“I’m glad you’re in our lives,” She whispered to him.

George felt tears pooling in his head as he kissed the top of her head, “Me too. I’ll be around more often, okay?” He said as they pulled away. She nodded and moved to hug her brother goodnight before rushing upstairs to do the same to her mom.

Clay walked over and pulled George into a fierce kiss, almost knocking George back. He gripped Clay’s shirt to keep himself steady, kissing back with the same effort. Clay set his hand in the arch of George’s back, pulling his body flush against his own. George felt Clay swipe his tongue across his own bottom lip, as well as squeeze the hand that was on his back. George let out a gasp and Clay took that as an invitation to deepen the kiss immensely. George was happy to go on, but not in the living room of his boyfriend’s house, where his mom or sister could walk in.

George pulled away but kept his hand on Clay’s chest. “What was that for?” George asked,

attempting to catch his breath. Clay took a deep breath and kissed George once more, leaving the smaller boy breathless again.

“I am just so deeply in love with you,” Clay breathed out. George grinned, blushing deeply. He kissed Clay once more before grabbing his hand and pulling him up to Clay’s room. Once in, George instantly walked over to the dresser where Clay kept some of George’s clothes. The two quickly changed into clothes to sleep in and climbed in bed together, Clay pulling the other extremely close.

They sat in silence for a moment, before George spoke up. “Why were you freaking out when your mom was talking to us?” George asked, remembering the moment. He could practically feel the blush forming on Clay’s cheeks as he stumbled for an answer.

“Just say it, weirdo,” George laughed.

“Because we’re going to have the house to ourselves, the whole weekend. With no distractions,” Clay trailed off. George choked on his breath when he realized what Clay was thinking. He started to get even more excited for the coming weekend than he was before.

George giggled and kissed Clay’s chest, “All to ourselves, huh? What if I wanted to invite Nick over? Or Alex and Karl?” George teased the blonde.

Clay scoffed and snaked his arms around the brunette, “Trust me, we will be too busy. You won’t even be able to invite them over.” George barked out a laugh and let the teasing die down.

“It’ll be good. I can make you breakfast,” George whispered as he started to get tired.

Clay nodded and kissed the top of George’s head. “It will be good,” he paused. “Thank you for tonight, for willingly hanging out with Drista.”

George smiled, “It’s an honor to be a part of your family, Clay. Drista is just a big plus.” Clay wanted to shower him with kisses at that moment. But instead, he just hummed in acknowledgment and stopped talking, allowing the two to fall asleep peacefully.

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading! comments and kudos are greatly appreciated but not necessary.
drink some water and get some sleep if you need it <3 :)

"You're going to do great things,"

Chapter Summary

George finishes the article and feels a little bittersweet about it.

Chapter Notes

there is also a bad and george moment and it makes me soft. this chapter sucks booty and i'm sorry. there is only one more chapter (the smut chapter :o) and an epilogue! so two more chapters basically. plus a surprise in the epilogue. it's been hard for me to find motivation for this recently, so i don't want to drag it out and risk it being bad, ya know. there will be a sweet message in the last chapter, from me to you, so prepare for that. but anyways, let's get on with the chapter.

edit: in an earlier version of this chapter, i used techno's real name without knowing that was a boundary of his, i don't know much about him, but i wanted to somehow include him in this. once i read the comments, i immediately changed it and apologized. so i want to apologize again, i completely respect everyone in their boundaries, and i know most of them, this one was just something i didn't know. i deleted one or two rude comments about it because i didn't want it to upset anyone else that happens to go through the comments. so once again, i apologize. i know now, and that's what matters because i won't make the mistake again. to the ones that were nice about it, thank you<3

anyways, enjoy the chapter!

@/saddnapp on twitter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George sat up in bed with Clay's laptop in his lap. It was around three in the morning and George couldn't sleep. He glanced over at his sleeping boyfriend, a sweet smile spreading on his face. George rarely got to see Clay relaxed like this, he liked seeing it. George turned back to his computer and continued writing. He had woken up wrapped in Clay's arms, and he somehow managed to get up and get Clay's computer. He had the sudden motivation to finish the article, so that's what he did. He knew they were all waiting on him to finish the article, so he wanted to finish it now while he had the motivation.

He typed quietly on the computer, trying not to wake his boyfriend up and by the time he finished the article, he was still wide awake. He carefully got up and walked over to Clay's desktop computer, sitting down in the chair. Clay's setup was super nice, and George loved messing around and doing things on it. A couple of weeks ago Clay had downloaded the same editing software George used for his newspaper on his computer. He wanted George to have the opportunity to work at Clay's house if he ever needed to.

George quickly logged in and pulled up the documents he needed, he put the finished article in the

space he left for it, editing anything that was necessary. Once he finished the entire newspaper, he gave it a quick look through before sending it to the printer. He looked back at his sleeping boyfriend and decided to join him. George logged out of everything and turned the computer off, getting up and joining his boyfriend in bed. As soon as George climbed in next to Clay, Clay instantly wrapped his arms around him and pulled him close.

“Why are you not in bed with me?” George heard Clay ask, his voice deep with sleep. George smiled and rested his head on Clay’s chest.

“I finished the article,” George said, his eyes beginning to feel tired.

He felt Clay smile and kiss his head, “I can’t wait to read it, now sleep.” So George did.

The next morning Clay dropped George off at his house and went to school while George skipped his first period to go pick up the papers. Clay wanted to come with him, but George didn’t want Clay to miss his morning practice or first period. Clay kissed him quickly as the two walked out of George’s house. It was still dark when they were leaving and they hugged for a moment before going to their respective cars.

The drive to the printing company wasn’t too long, and it was easy since he goes often. Sooner or later he was parking and walking into the main office. When he walked in, the person at the front desk greeted him with a wide smile.

“I’m here to pick up some papers for the Oakwood Gazette, I sent in the order last night,” George said formally. The woman nodded and got up, soon returning a cart full of boxes. George smiled gratefully and pushed the cart out to his car. He quickly piled the boxes into his backseat before pushing the cart back into the building. He thanked everyone before getting back into his car and heading toward the school.

He called Clay on his way back and told him and Nick to meet him at the front of the school so they could all carry the newspapers in, because he wouldn’t have been able to do it himself. When he parked in front of the school, the two boys were already waiting on him. He smiled and quickly got out of his car as the two started walking up.

Clay grinned and wrapped his arms around George, kissing the top of his head. “When can I read the article?” Clay asked softly as Nick grabbed a box.

George kissed Clay briefly before pulling away and grabbing a box of his own. “Whenever I distribute them, silly.”

Somehow, the three of them managed to get all of the newspaper in Bad’s classroom in one trip. Once Clay and Nick went back to their class, George went and moved his car into an actual parking spot, not wanting his car to get towed. He spent the first half of his day distributing the papers to the teachers that wanted some, also putting them in the main offices of the school, library, and cafeteria. By the time his newspaper period rolled around, he had finished the distribution and was sitting in the classroom, going through the ones he had left.

Usually, his kids took a few home with them, some to keep for themselves, and some to give out to family. He made sure there were enough of them while Bad flipped through one next to him.

“Your feature turned out fantastic, George. When did you finish it?” Bad asked as he read over George’s story.

George smiled thankfully, “Last night actually, I was at Clay’s and woke up, and suddenly decided

to finish it. I sent in the pdf early in the morning to be printed.”

Bad nodded and patted George on the back lovingly, “This is going to be your last issue, you know that right?”

George froze, his heart hurting briefly. They printed issues often, but this was going to be the last one for the year, the last one for him. He has been trying to not think about it, but it was always in the back of his mind, and it has been since he started working on it. He nodded and gulped as he looked at Bad. The two have been together since freshman year, and George knew that Bad valued him and vice versa.

Bad smiled sadly as he recognized the look on George’s face. “I’m going to miss you too, George. More than you know,” Bad said quietly. George frowned and stared back down at the newspaper, it suddenly felt heavy in his hands. He dropped it and stepped back, trying to force the tears that were forming in his eyes away.

“I’ve never had an Editor in Chief like you before, you know that right? I know that Techno and Phil were great to you, and taught you well,” Bad paused, clearing his throat. “I just want you to know how proud I am of you.”

“When you leave this school, you’re going to do such great things, I just know it,” George and Bad have had heart to heart before, but George knew this one was different. “You have to keep me updated okay?” Bad gave George a pointed look. “You need to keep everyone updated, and be here for the kids when they need you, because they will.”

George nodded, “I know, I still want to be involved as much as I can. It will take me a long time to let everything go.”

Bad nodded and held his arms out making George laugh. George walked over and hugged Bad tightly, feeling Bad wrap his own arms around him tightly. “It’s been an honor watching you grow these past couple of years,” George felt tears fill his eyes. He squeezed his eyes shut as the tears started flowing slowly. “You’re going to do great things, I have no doubt,” Bad repeated, his own voice breaking slightly.

The bell rang, signaling the next class was about to start, and for George it was his newspaper class. Bad squeezed him tightly one last time before pulling away completely. He took a couple of papers for his own collection and walked up to his desk. George quickly gathered all of the papers and went to his seat, setting the papers down on his desk. As everyone walked in, he smiled at them. He loved seeing their excited expressions when he got the new issues. Alex and Karl walked in and immediately noticed the smile that didn’t reach George’s eyes. He waved them off with a grin and watched as they took their own seats. George got up to go close the door, but of course, Nick and Clay walked in with shit-eating grins on their faces.

George locked eyes with Clay and Clay’s smile faltered quickly. George shook his head and told the two boys to go sit down, that he was about to start class. They nodded quickly and took a seat. Clay took the seat next to George, and Nick pulled up a chair next to Karl, their hands instantly intertwining. Alex rolled his eyes and took Karl’s other hand, intertwining them. Karl laughed and smiled lovingly at his best friend and boyfriend. George cleared his throat, catching everyone’s attention. He picked up a stack of papers and started walking around, handing out ten to each of his staff members.

“I went and picked these up this morning,” George said as he handed Karl and Alex theirs. Nick and Clay held out their hands making George roll his eyes. He gave them five each and moved on. “As most of you know, this is our last printed issue for the year, and I wanted to tell you all that

I'm so incredibly proud of each of you," George looked at them all with pride, which they returned.

"Since we have all worked hard to get this print off, and make it awesome, y'all can have the rest of the week off, you decide how you want to spend your time in class." Everyone grinned at George's words, making him laugh.

"We will be having interviews for next year's editors' positions next week, so if you want to be interviewed for that, I have a list in the folder that you can write your name on. Other than that, you guys are good for the day, the papers are already around the school, the rest are for us."

Everyone instantly started having their own conversation as George returned to his seat. Clay instantly took George's hand in his own, kissing his palm gently. Alex looked at George seriously, which rarely happened. "What's going on George?" Alex asked, making Karl turn his attention away from Nick and instead on George.

George let himself shrug, "Just feeling a little bittersweet right now," He responded.

Nick looked at him with a sad smile, "Because this was your last issue with your staff?" Nick asked. Karl and Alex instantly faltered, the realization coming to them as well. George nodded and gulped, looking over at Bad.

Bad only smiled sadly and nodded at him before looking back at the newspaper in his hands. George looked back at his two best friends and smiled sadly. "I guess, it's officially hitting me."

"Yeah, I didn't realize how close we were to graduating and stuff. I'm going to miss this place, this classroom, these people," Karl said softly, not wanting to catch the attention of everyone else in the room. George looked over at Tubbo and Tommy, catching Tubbo's eyes. Tubbo smiled widely at him, making George's heart swell. He knew he was leaving the Oakwood Gazette in good hands, he shouldn't have to worry.

He turned back to his friends and nodded, "It's official now, especially since we're doing interviews next week," George said. "But, let's not think about it, instead focus on the time we still have, and celebrate the last print for us." Everyone nodded and George looked back at Clay.

Clay was reading the front page of the newspaper, where the story about him was. George blushed and pushed his chair closer to the blond. He rested his head on Clay's shoulder reading the story with him. Once they finished, Clay leaned over and kissed George quickly.

"You really meant this? Everything you put in here?" Clay asked, his voice soft and light.

George smiled lovingly and nodded, "Every word."

Clay kissed him again, deeper this time. Only for a second before George pulled away. Clay looked down at his boyfriend, and the look alone made George go bright red. The amount of love and care that shined in Clay's eyes was almost overwhelming for George.

"I wish I could see the real color of your eyes right now," George whispered softly.

Clay smiled and shrugged, "Doesn't matter what color they are to you, all that matters is that you can see the way I look at you." George felt the butterflies flutter in his stomach at his boyfriend's words.

"I love you, so much," George whispered.

Clay set the paper down and kissed George's forehead. "I love you so much more, I can't wait to see what our future looks like. You're going to do great things."

George glanced over at Bad, who nodded at him, with a certain look in his eyes. George understood it immediately. *He's right*. George looked back at Clay and kissed his nose, making them both giggle. "The story is really good, Georgie."

George smiled, "Thank you bubs, anything for you."

Chapter End Notes

DRINK WATER :D

also did anyone notice the techno and phil mention? :)

@/saddnapp on twitter

"I always have a plan Georgie,"

Chapter Summary

George and Clay spend the night together.

Chapter Notes

this chapter is complete smut, like that's all it is. literally, 4.7k words of smut. you DO NOT have to read it to finish the story, it has no impact on the storyline whatsoever. again, you do not have to read it to finish the story! this was mainly so i could practice and expand my writing abilities. another note, this is my first time writing smut like this, so if i got anything wrong, i didn't mean to. i don't know if i'm proud of it or not, i'm just posting it anyways. *if there are any typos, ignore them. i don't have a beta, we die like men here.

if you are not comfortable with nsfw content being written about these two, please do not go past this point. if you continue and decide you suddenly don't like it, don't say i didn't warn you.

if any involved cc's say that are uncomfortable with content like this being written, or content in general, i will take it down without a second thought.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The two practically fall through the door, their lips are attached, what seems like they are stuck together permanently. George pushed his body up against Clay's, feeling the taller boy explore the latter's body with his hands. This wasn't exactly what George was expecting to do, at least not right away. But he wasn't complaining. Elena and Drista officially left town this morning, and George and Clay spent the day with their friends. George had noticed that Clay had been a lot more touchy than he normally was, but he brushed it off. He knew that they were going to spend the night together, amongst other things. They hadn't exactly talked about it in-depth, but they were well into their relationship now, and this was their chance.

Clay instantly started to tower over George, pressing the smaller boy up against the door. Clay's large hands moved from George's hips to under his shirt, exploring the bare skin he rarely got to touch. George felt his breath hitch in his throat as a searing pleasure coursed through his veins. The simple touch of his boyfriend would be enough for him, and Clay knew that.

"You're so beautiful," Clay mumbled as his fingertips left goosebumps across George's pale skin. The effect Clay had on George was obvious for the both of them, and they both liked it. The difference between them was apparent, and it made George's legs weak. George tilted his head up to deepen the kiss, causing Clay's fingertips to dig into his sides. Clay pulled George's hips against his own, pressing their bodies together, causing them both to groan. The long-awaited friction nearly brought tears to George's eyes, it felt like he has been waiting a lifetime. Clay swiped his tongue across George's bottom lips before gently biting the skin and pulling slowly. George

couldn't help the whimper that passed his lips as Clay slipped his tongue into George's mouth. Clay was mesmerized by the sounds George was making, and he wanted to hear them for the rest of his life. He explored George's mouth, butterflies erupting in his own stomach. He wanted to memorize every part of George, what makes him weak, what makes him beg.

George felt his own tongue slide past Clay's, shivers spreading throughout his body. He reached up and wrapped his arms around Clay's neck, his hands finding their way in the blonde locks. He pulled on the hair, making Clay groan into George's mouth. George swore he was going to combust right then and there. George pulled away, having to take a breather, but Clay wasn't having it.

"Breathe through your nose, not your mouth, you won't have to pull away as quickly," Clay informed him before attaching their lips once again. George's mind reeled at the thought of Clay knowing that, having enough experience to know which way would be more beneficial. He pushed his thoughts away and focused on the beautiful man in front of him. The one was pressing him up against the front door of his own house, the one that was completing owning him, the one he was in love with. Clay was in love with him, not anyone from his past, him, only. That was enough to make him forget the intruding thoughts.

Clay's lips were slightly chapped but still soft. He tasted like mint and something sweet that George couldn't put his finger on. Nonetheless, the taste was intoxicating. George never got tired of Clay's lips and he knew that Clay would never actually get tired of kissing George. Clay just had this special way of kissing, he knew all of George's nooks and crannies and he knew what made him cave. Clay always took advantage of this knowledge to give George the best experience possible.

Clay wrapped his arms around George's waist, pulling their bodies closer than ever. George whimpered and felt Clay pull away briefly before attaching his lips to his neck instead. George reeled at the feeling of Clay's lips on his neck. The blonde moved up and behind his ear, small dark bruises following in his wake. George groaned at the feeling of Clay's lips pulling against his skin and his tongue sealing the bruises like wax on an envelope. George has never actually experienced a feeling quite like this, not until he met Clay. Clay continued the small torture following down his neck and near his collarbone. George let out a sigh and let his head fall to the side as Clay mapped out the skin on his neck.

"Please," George spoke for the first time since they got into the house. Clay paused, kissing the purple bruise he was forming and glanced at his boyfriend.

He smirked and moved close to George's ear, "Please what?"

George whimpered, feeling Clay's hot breath against his ear. Clay's voice was deeper than it already was and it sent tingles up George's spine.

"Can we please," George panted, his head falling back against the door. "Please, move to your room," He finally finished.

Clay let a wolfish grin form, nodding quickly. He took George's hands and pulled him away from the door. The two of them quickly walked to Clay's room, the door closing behind them quickly. Clay locked it for good measure and sat on the edge of his bed, holding his arms out for George.

George blushed and walked over shyly, watching as Clay grabbed his hands and pulled him on his lap. George's settled on top of Clay, his legs straddling the blond boy under him. Clay grinned and looked up at George, "Have I told you how much I love you?" His voice was soft.

George nodded quickly, "You tell me all of the time," He whispered, using one hand to get lost in Clay's long hair, the other hand resting on the boy's cheek. George watched as Clay leaned into his touch, his heart getting ready to burst.

"We don't have to keep going if you don't want to, we can just cuddle," Clay told him seriously. George smiled, his other hand resting on the other side of Clay's face. George cupped his face carefully, kissing his lips softly.

"I promise, I want this, only if you do," George said quietly.

Clay nodded quickly, "Of course I do, I just don't want to push you into anything."

George nodded and kissed him one more time, deeper this time. "Don't worry about it, I want this, and I want you." That was all Clay needed. He connected their lips again, his hands once again digging into the brunette's waist. George groaned and pulled away, sliding his hands under Clay's shirt. He knew his boyfriend was well built- he played football for goodness sake, but it was never underwhelming.

George knew that Clay was going to be the dominant one in their relationship, but he wanted to have a little moment of his own before he let Clay take over. George carefully slid out of Clay's lap, seeing the confused expression cross his boyfriend's face. Once George was on his knees in front of Clay, the realization soon took over. He watched as Clay visibly gulped, his pupils dilating. George smiled shyly and placed his hands on Clay's thighs.

"Is this okay?" George asked, looking up at him.

Clay nodded quickly, causing George to laugh. "More than okay," Clay responded verbally.

George nodded and moved his hands to fiddle with Clay's belt buckle. He glanced up at the boy once in a while, making sure he was okay before he proceeded. He pulled the belt through the belt loops, tossing it on the floor next to him.

"I've never done this before," George said, looking up at Clay.

The boy nodded with an understanding smile, "I know, do whatever you think is right, and stop whenever you want to."

George's hand shook slightly as he reached for the button on Clay's jeans. He pushed the metal through the hole and proceeded to pull the zipper down right after. Clay helped him take off the tight jeans, the fabric being tossed near the belt. George gulped once he saw Clay's excitement. He reached up and palmed Clay gently, the small contact making Clay hiss.

Hearing Clay's soft sounds only fueled George, he wanted to make this as pleasing as possible for him. He reached up and pulled Clay's boxers down enough to expose his hard length. The two have never done anything like this before, so George has never fully seen Clay. And he was definitely not disappointed. George started by slowly pumping Clay, getting a feel for everything, and just trying to get used to it. He twisted his wrist as he moved his hand up and down, looking up at Clay every once in a while for reassurance. He ran his thumb over Clay's slit, feeling the precum linger as he repeated his actions a couple more times.

Clay was consistently groaning or whimpering as George tried to get more confident in his actions. The first time he put his mouth on Clay, it was just a simple swipe of his tongue across Clay's head. Once he heard the reaction from Clay, he finally took Clay into his mouth, hallowing his cheeks and relaxing the muscles in his jaw. Clay let out a loud moan, his hands instantly finding

their way in George's hair. George's tongue pressed against the vein on the underside of Clay's cock. He tried to put as much pressure as he could against it once he realized Clay liked it. He bobbed his head up and down, taking as much as he could. He wrapped his hand around the base of Clay's cock, knowing he wouldn't be able to take all of him. The hands in his hair weren't pushing, but they were pulling at the roots, trying to obviously control himself.

George squeezed the base of his cock gently, moving his head up until he reached the head of Clay's length. He swiped his tongue over Clay's slit, tasting the salty precum that had formed. He brought his tongue on the underside of Clay, licking a thick stripe up the same vein from earlier. He brought Clay's cock back in his mouth, relaxing completely, trying to take as much as he could. Once he got as far as he could, he began bobbing his head up and down, feeling the grip on his hair become tighter.

"Fuck, George, please," Clay gasped, his hips bucking slightly. George looked up at him through his eyelashes, making Clay's eyes basically roll back into his head. "You look so good, baby," Clay said through his teeth as he began to guide George's mouth on his cock, trying to see how much he could take.

George got far enough to make him gag slightly, and Clay gasped at the tight feeling as George tried to suck in a deep breath. "We have to- oh god," Clay threw his head back as George's teeth grazed against him lightly. He gently pulled the smaller boy off him, looking down with amazement clear in his eyes.

George frowned at him, "Why did you make me stop?" He asked, catching his breath slightly.

Clay grinned and helped George up, "Because I was about to come, and I'd rather not come in your mouth right now," George blushed deeply, nodding.

"Do you have lube?" George asked quietly. Clay nodded and pointed to his nightstand. George quickly walked over and pulled open the top drawer, the small bottle of lube sitting there by itself. George let out a laugh, "It's so obvious, you idiot." Clay laughed and walked up to him, pulling George's shirt off. Clay pulled the rest of his clothing off, throwing it in the same pile. George pushed his sweats off, kicking them to the side. Clay pressed his hand against his grown erection, making him gasp.

"You're still sure about this?" Clay asked one last time, just for good measure.

George nodded quickly, "Yes, please." Clay groaned and slipped his hand past the waistband of George's boxers. The moment he wrapped his large, calloused hand around George, he swore he was done for. George practically fell against Clay as he continued to pump his already hard and sensitive cock. "Fuck." A simple curse left George's mouth in a breathy pant.

"I could come just by watching your face," Clay said in George's ear. George let out another breathy moan as Clay's other hand pushed the boxers down completely. He pumped George's cock in his hands, loving the expressions that were crossing the brunette's face. "Get in bed, now," George moaned loudly at the tone of Clay's voice, nodding quickly. Clay let go of George and watched as he scrambled into Clay's bed. Clay's mouth practically watered at the sight. George's pale skin across his dark blue sheets was a sight for sore eyes.

"You're so beautiful," Clay whispered as if he were trying to keep a secret. His voice was smooth like honey, dripping in admiration. George smiled and reached up, grabbing his hand and kissing it gently.

"I'm going to prep you, okay?" Clay asked as he joined the boy on the bed. He saw George gulp

and nod, giving him another look of *I want to do this*. Clay grabbed the bottle of lube and carefully poured a generous amount on his fingers. George watched as Clay brought his hand to his entrance, fingering the rim slightly. The first touch sent sparks throughout his body, Clay noticing the sudden shiver. He simply grinned and circled his finger around for a second before slowly pushing his index finger in, watching George's expression carefully.

This was both of their first times with a guy, so they were learning together. The last thing Clay wanted to do was hurt his boyfriend, so he was slow and gentle, waiting on signals from George. He watched as his finger moved in and out of George, hearing the small whimpers and heavy breathing coming from George. He looked at George, asking the silent question.

George nodded, "You can add another, I'm okay." Clay made sure his middle finger had enough lube before slowly inserting a second finger, watching as George's face turned into one of pain briefly. Clay immediately stopped and let George get used to the feeling. Clay's other hand rubbed circles into George's hip, trying to comfort George to the best of his abilities. Clay was mesmerized at the sight of his fingers moving in and out of his boyfriend, it was a beautiful sight for Clay. George was writhing against the dark blue sheets, his eyes closing tightly in pleasure. Clay slowly started scissoring his fingers, stretching the muscle as best as he could, considering this was his first time. His dick twitched at the sight of George laying in front of him, his heart swelling.

"Do you know how gorgeous you look right now? You look like an angel," Clay said before leaning down and connecting their lips once again. He could feel the heat resonating from George's cheeks causing Clay to grin. "You like compliments, George? I'll compliment you don't worry." While he distracted George with deep kisses, he carefully inserted a third finger. George gasped, their lips disconnecting as he let out a loud moan.

"Clay," George moaned, his head falling to the side.

Clay looked down at his hands and continued to stretch the boy, pistoning his fingers deeper with every movement. George was consistently letting out loud moans at the point, and Clay wanted to see how loud he could actually get. He curled his fingers slightly and George's entire back arched in pure pleasure. He yelled out, his eyes flying open and staring at Clay in amazement. Clay knew he grazed against George's prostate, and he wanted to do it over and over again if that was George's reaction. Once Clay felt like George was well prepared, he slowly inched his fingers out. George whined with displeasure but watched as Clay grabbed the lube once again. He watched as Clay poured a good amount in his hands and started pumping his own length with it. George watched as Clay's head fell back due to the sudden touch on his ignored erection. George wanted to hear Clay, really hear him.

"I'm ready, please," George begged. Clay looked down at him with hooded eyelids and nodded. He moved closer to George, grabbing his legs and spreading them gently. Clay held the base of his cock and lined himself up at George's entrance. He looked back at George who nodded, a blissful smile on his face. Clay started pushing in, once again, watching George closely. George's face contorted into one of discomfort, but he motioned for Clay to keep going, "Don't stop."

Clay's mouth fell agape as he watched himself disappear into his best friend, the love of his life. Once he bottomed out, he stopped moving to let George completely adjust to the intrusion. George reached up and cupped Clay's face, bringing their lips together in a passionate kiss. George was incredibly tight, and the feeling alone would be more than enough for Clay, but he needed to make this experience amazing for George. He could feel George fluttering around him, his chest heaving against Clay.

“You okay, baby?” Clay asked, concern filling his tone.

George nodded quickly, “I’m okay, I love you.”

Clay giggled, kissing him again, “I love you more. Let me know when you want me to move.”

“You can move, just go slow, please,” George spoke, seeming as if he had just run a marathon. Clay nodded and promised the boy that he would be slow and careful.

Clay started moving his hips back before pushing back in. He started with short shallow thrusts, but even those felt like heaven. He couldn’t imagine what it would feel like once George got comfortable. George’s chest heaved with heavy breaths, the feeling of being stretched taking over his mind completely. It was painful, but it was a good type of pain. A searing desire that left his stomach feeling hot. He could barely keep his eyes open as moans left his mouth one by one. The pain slowly started fading and was replaced by pure pleasure.

“You look so good, so pretty laying under me,” Clay babbled as his thrusts started to speed up. George whined at the compliments, feeling his blush start to spread to his neck and chest. The feeling of Clay was mind-boggling for George and he was already close.

“Harder, Clay,” George called out, finally looking up at Clay. His blond hair was falling in his face slightly, and his face was red with exertion. Sweat was starting to bead on his forehead, but despite it all, his eyes were still full of love and pride.

“Anything for you,” Clay whispered and grabbed one of George’s legs, hooking it around his waist. The new position made George see stars as Clay was repeatedly hitting and grazing his sweet spot.

“You’re so good, I love you so much,” George rambled, the bed shaking with each thrust. Clay’s movements were hard and precise, angling perfectly to make George completely fall apart. George was tightening around him and his cock was leaking. Clay reached forward and started stroking George slowly, mainly focusing on thrusting into George.

Clay let out a low moan, gripping George’s hips tightly. George swore there were going to be bruises tomorrow, but he didn’t mind. The sound of Clay’s moans was like music, knowing that he was the reason Clay was moaning. He was the only one who had that effect on him, no one else. That thought alone almost sent George over the edge.

It didn’t take too long for them both to get close, and Clay was determined to make George cum first. He angled his hips so he hit George’s prostate with every thrust. By the time, George was yelling, moaning out Clay’s name. Clay gripped George’s cock with newfound strength, quickly stroking him to reach George’s climax. George’s eyes rolled back as he called out, “I’m-”

Clay grunted, thrusting harder than ever, “I know, let go whenever baby.” The moment Clay ran his thumb over George’s slit was the moment George finally let go. George’s climax hit him like a truck and he swore he saw stars. Constellations formed behind his eyes as his body shook with pleasure. Clay continued stroking him throughout his orgasm, and the feeling of George tightening around him was enough for Clay to reach his own as well. He felt himself fill George, the feeling going straight to his head. It felt like he was coming down on a high. He thrust a few more times before slowly pulling out, admiring George as they both slowly came down from their highs.

“God, I’m so in love with you,” Clay whispered as George opened his eyes to look up at him.

George gave Clay a sleepy grin, “I love you more.”

Clay got up carefully and walked to his nightstand, pulling out a rag. He walked to the bathroom connected to his room and wet it carefully. He cleaned himself up and pulled on some sweatpants before walking back out to his exhausted boyfriend.

George noticed he had gotten the rag from his nightstand, a laugh bubbling up from his stomach. "You idiot, you had this planned didn't you," George said.

Clay chuckled, "I always have a plan Georgie, now let me clean you up and we can cuddle."

George did as he was told and watched as Clay carefully cleaned the sticky substance from him. He leaned down and grabbed George's discarded sweatpants, handing them to the brunette. While George pulled them on, along with Clay's discarded shirt, Clay brought the rag to the bathroom and decided dealing with it would be a tomorrow problem.

He turned off the light and joined his boyfriend in his bed, the two of them instantly curling up next to each other. "You doing okay, baby?" Clay asked softly, pushing the stray hairs from George's forehead.

George smiled softly, "Sore, but nothing I can't handle."

Clay nodded and kissed his boyfriend's forehead, "I love you, George." He repeated himself again, but he couldn't help it. He would never get tired of telling George he loved him. He would never get tired of hearing it back. George nuzzled his head on Clay's chest, "I love you, so much more."

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading! the next chapter is the last one! comments and kudos are greatly appreciated but not necessary <3

“We’re just proud of you guys.”

Chapter Summary

George experiences his last day of high school with the people he loves the most.

Chapter Notes

this story is officially done! i will miss it dearly, but i am excited to move on and start something new! i will have a heart to heart in the end notes, i don't want to bore anyone here. no beta, if there are typos, oh well. enjoy <3

@/saddnapp on twitter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George sat at his desk awaiting the email he had been longing to read. He really needed to get to school, but he needed to get this email first. His parents were downstairs eating breakfast together for the first time in a while. He wanted to join them, but again, he needed to read the email first. It should be hitting his inbox within the next couple of minutes. He looked down at his phone, seeing messages from his boyfriend and his friends. They were all going to meet up at George's locker early to talk before class. It was the last day of school for everyone, and they wanted to see each other as much as they could, even though they would be spending a lot of time in Bad's classroom.

Clay <3

hey babe, are you on your way?

George ignored it and looked back at his computer, eyeing his inbox carefully. After a couple of seconds, a new message appeared. His heart jumped in his throat as he saw the subject line.

“Oh my god,” George muttered, disbelief filling his chest. He quickly clicked on the email, reading it over. Only a couple of sentences stood out to him.

Congratulations on your acceptance to the University of Florida and on your acceptance to join the Independent Florida Alligator Newspaper Staff as a staff reporter.

A laugh bubbled from his chest as he read over the entire email. He printed it out once he was finished and stared at it in awe. He had a feeling he would be accepted, but he didn't know for sure. This was the college Clay got a full ride to, and the two had been planning on going to two different colleges. George hadn't told Clay that he was applied, let alone that he had gotten accepted. He favorited the email to go back to after school and stood up, his hands shaking as he folded the paper carefully. He grabbed his bag and his phone before heading downstairs to tell his

family the good news.

They were of course happy for him, showering him in tight hugs and praises. Once he got to the school, he was practically shaking with excitement. He wanted to show Clay, to see his reaction when he realized they were going to college together. By the time he got to his locker, his friends were already waiting for him. Sam was finally back in town, just in time for graduation and George could see Alex berating him. Meanwhile, Nick, Karl, and Clay were talking about something, George couldn't tell what it was. He walked over to them, seeing Clay's expression fill with love. The sight made his head fuzzy. Clay held his hands out and George instantly inserted himself in Clay's arms, dropping his bag on the floor.

"I missed you," Clay mumbled into George's hair.

George nodded, "I missed you too, but I do have a surprise for you." Clay pulled away, looking down at him confused.

"A surprise?" Clay asked. His friends were engaging in their own conversations, so George thought it would be a good time to show Clay his acceptance letter. George reached into his bag and pulled out the neatly folded piece of paper, simply handing it to his boyfriend.

Clay looked down at it, clearly confused. "Read it, you weirdo." Clay laughed and opened the paper, his eyes drifting over the words. His eyes widened as he looked up at his boyfriend, the widest smile George had ever seen crossing his face. "You applied?" Clay asked in pure shock. George grinned, nodding his head excitedly.

"And got accepted," George laughed. Clay let out a gleeful laugh, dropping the paper and pulling George into a tight hug. He picked the boy off the ground, spinning him gently. George let out a loud laugh as Clay set him down. He leaned down and attached their lips, sealing George's lips in a sweet kiss.

"We're going to college together," Clay whispered as they pulled away. He rested his forehead on George's, staring down at him.

George smiled softly, "We're going to college together."

"Okay, everyone. This is the last day of school for the seniors, so we are not going to be doing anything. But I do want to go ahead and announce the editing staff for next year," George stood at the front of the class. His staff watched him as he moved a little bit. His staff plus Nick and Clay.

"Next year there will be eight returning staff members, and there will be twelve people joining next school year. So that makes for a twenty-person staff, which is a great number," George grinned at his staff, pride filling his chest.

"Next school year, Tubbo will be taking over as Editor in Chief. Tommy will be taking over as Managing Editor. Niki will be taking over as Copy Editor. We will also be introducing another position because the staff will be bigger. Ranboo will be taking the position as Photo Editor." Everyone clapped and congratulated the four of them.

"Due to all of the fundraising we did this year, we have more than five thousand dollars in our

budget. Which is more than we have ever had before, this will set you guys up to print as much as you want,” George let a bittersweet smile across his face as he continued. “As much as I don’t want to leave, and as much as Karl and Alex don’t want to leave. We know that we are putting the Oakwood Gazette in great hands. We love you guys, thank you for being the best staff ever. We got very lucky with you guys. Okay, that’s all I’ve got.” George laughed and walked to his seat.

Bad cleared his throat causing everyone to look at him. “I actually have gifts for each of the editors,” He got up and picked something up from behind his desk. It was a box full of smaller things. George looked at him confused as he walked up to the table where the editors and their boyfriends were sitting.

“I got you guys scrapbooks, each page has a different story that you guys wrote over the last three years. Some are even from your freshman year in the prerequisite course.” George’s jaw dropped as Bad pulled out three black scrapbooks, handing them to each editor.

George took his in awe, running his hand over the front page.

One-Year Staff Reporter and Two-Year Editor In Chief.

“Not only does it have each story you guys have ever written, if the story was a front-page story, but it is also labeled as such. In the back, myself and each of your staff members wrote personal notes for you.” Tears filled George’s eyes as he flipped through the pages. They were in chronological order, starting from the beginning and going all the way to their last story ever.

Alex, Karl, and George all shot up and wrapped Bad in a binding hug, tears in all of their eyes. “I am very proud of you boys. *You’re going to do great things.*” Bad whispered to them. Everyone watched with smiles on their faces, including Clay and Nick. The two boyfriends watched proudly as the three editors walked around to hug each other their staff members.

“So George got accepted?” Nick asked, nudging Clay.

Clay looked over and grinned, “Yep, did Karl and Alex get accepted?” Clay asked in return.

Nick smiled, “They did, super proud of those two.”

“It’ll be a good four years. I can’t even imagine it, all five of us going to the same college? I wish Sam could come,” Clay said softly.

Nick smiled sadly, “I know, me too. But going abroad is good for him. You know he’s been planning it since we were young.” Nick said quietly, not wanting to disrupt the other people in the room.

Clay nodded, “I know, at least the rest of us will be together. And we will still keep in contact with Sam.” Nick agreed and grabbed Karl’s scrapbook while Clay grabbed George’s. “I’m really proud of those three, I know it hurts to leave this place,” Nick whispered, flipping to the last story.

Clay flipped to the last story as well, the two features staring back up at the boys. Karl had finished Nick’s feature story a couple of weeks ago, and it was Nick’s favorite thing to read. “Isn’t it crazy, where we are in our lives right now? With the loves of our lives, and Alex.” Nick laughed at Clay’s words.

“It is, I’m super thankful for them. I’m glad George was assigned the article,” Nick said and watched as the three editors started walking back to their desks.

Clay looked down at his own article in pride, “Yeah, me too.”

Nick and Clay pushed the scrapbooks back where they found them as the three boys sat down. George instantly grabbed Clay's hand which Clay squeezed quickly. "You guys okay?" Alex asked, looking at them weirdly.

Nick and Clay looked at each other and smiled, "We're just proud of you guys."

The three boys smiled and thanked them. Karl, Alex, and Nick started talking about their plans after school while George looked at Clay lovingly.

"I'm really proud of you, you know?" Clay whispered to him, kissing his forehead gently. George nodded, "I know bubs, I'm proud of you too."

George grabbed the scrapbook and flipped it to the article Clay and Nick were just looking at. "I'm also thankful for this, if it weren't for Alex's big mouth, we wouldn't be where we are now."

"Yeah, you're welcome. Never forget it," Alex said before getting back into the conversation he was in. George and Clay laughed, their hands still intertwined.

They inserted themselves into the conversation their friends were having, giving their opinions on what they should do after school and after graduation. George watched in awe as he laughed with his friends. If he was this happy now, he couldn't imagine what it would be like to go to college with them, to live the rest of his life with them. And he couldn't wait.

CLAY ELLIOT BREAKS THE NORM: A FEATURE

"Clay is like a breath of fresh air," Senior Nick Adams said. "He is someone everyone wants in their life. And if you get to meet someone like him, you'll never forget it."

Clay Elliot is the star quarterback of the Oakwood Eagles, as well as captain of the boy baseball team, and Student Council President. He has been quarterback and captain of the baseball team for two consecutive years and Student Council President for one year. Elliot is known for being a great leader and inspiration to the ones he looks up to.

"He knows everything, any question you have, he will have an answer to," Sophomore Student Council member Amy Hernandez said. "He will never judge you for asking a question. Everything is valid to him, which is very comforting."

Elliot started his senior year off with a full ride to the University of Florida where he will play for the Florida Gators. He will be majoring in Computer Science and has recently decided to also minor in English. He has been dreaming about going to the University of Florida ever since he was young.

"I just really enjoy their message that they send to their students," Elliot said. "And they have a great football and computer science program. I know it'll be good for me. And it's kind of close to home."

Elliot is very close with his two childhood best friends, they both mean the world to him. He values the friendships and relationships in his life, holding them close to his heart.

"I have been friends with Clay and Nick since I was young, and we all got close with three others

who fit right into our friend group,” Sam Williams said. “We can all tell how much Clay cares about us, he tells us all of the time.”

Elliot started coding and working with different software when he entered middle school. He started learning originally to impress Adams, who was also learning how to code. He found out he had a talent for it, and started to really enjoy it.

“Coding and developing software is something I genuinely enjoy,” Elliot said. “It is a challenge, but a fun challenge. My boyfriend and I work on codes a lot, it’s one of our favorite bonding exercises.”

Elliot won homecoming king at this year’s homecoming game, getting almost 80 percent of the homecoming king votes.

“Everyone knew he was going to win,” Hernandez said. “When you’re popular, nice, and a good person. It’s hard not to win things like that, he definitely deserved it.”

Elliot has proven himself time and time again, showing he works hard and can be trusted with any task. He is in the top five of the senior class and has won many community service awards.

His mom and younger sister, Elena and Drista Elliot, are his biggest motivations. He strives to always make them proud, which is why he takes on a lot.

“I work hard every day to make her happy,” Elliot said. “She’s my biggest fan and I love making her proud.”

Elliot continuously goes above and beyond for the people in his life, and it is heartening to see. Anyone can see how much he truly cares for the ones around him, and he always goes out of his way to make sure his loved ones are happy and cared for. His charisma and personality are what attract people to him, and that has been proven many times. He will continue to make his mark on those he meets and will continue to inspire and influence anyone he meets.

“Clay is just a great person,” Adams said. “I am lucky to have him in my life. I don’t know where I would be without him.”

Chapter End Notes

you have reached the end! thank you for reading and for your constant support with this story. this is my first ever dnf fanfic and it has been such a pleasure writing it. i wasn't expecting it to get as much traction as it has, but i am so incredibly thankful for it. i loved reading y'all's comments and messages, knowing that someone liked it enough to comment is such a good feeling. just thank you, from the bottom of my heart. i'm thinking about writing a second story connected to this, where the boys are all in college, but i haven't decided yet. so subscribe if you want to be updated haha. i will be cross-posting this fic and my future ones to wattpad @/saddnap, so if you prefer to read on that, you're more than welcome to. i plan on posting it within the next couple of days.

anyways, thank you for being on this journey with me, it's been great. see you in the next one. peace. comments and kudos are always appreciated.

@/saddnapp on twitter for future updates

drink water >:)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!